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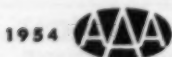
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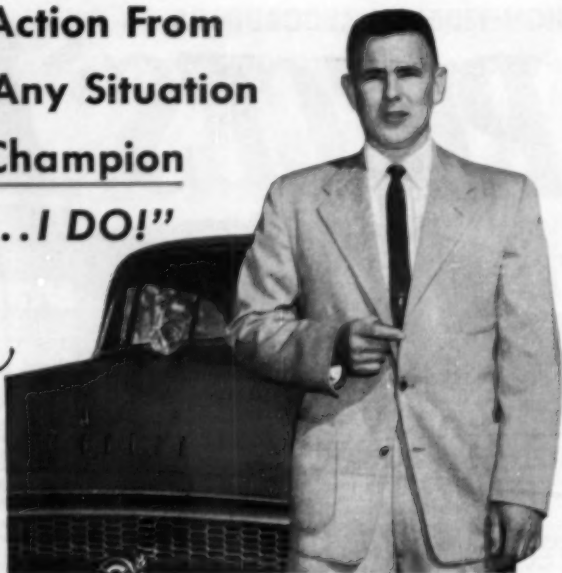
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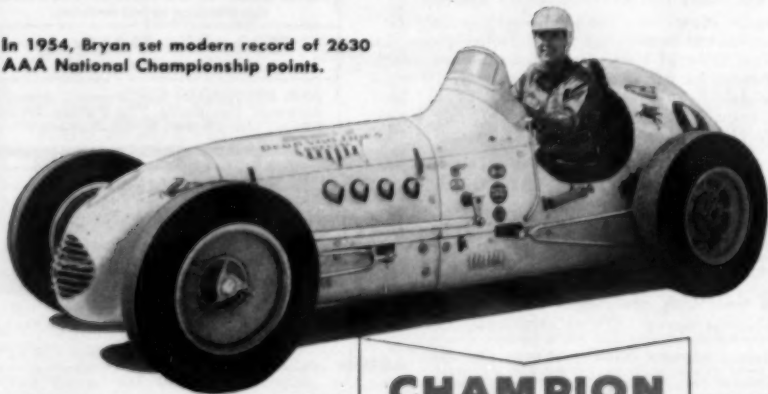
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Opera Classics

THE COMPLEX apparatus of orchestra, singers, costumes and stage settings which opera requires explains why the various interpretations of opera differ so distinctly. Thus, the latest offering of Verdi's *A Masked Ball*, a Cetra two-disk album presenting Ferruccio Tagliavini and Maria Curtis Verna (B 1249), represents the traditional Italian style of opera singing at its mellowest, whereas RCA Victor's three-disk *Masked Ball* (LM 6112), the transcription of Toscanini's great NBC broadcast, models the opera in rhythmic discipline like a work of sculpture.

Two more of Toscanini's unforgettable operatic broadcasts are preserved in recent albums. The voluptuously rich vocal lines of Verdi's *Falstaff* (RCA Victor LM 6111) were rarely expressed with so much energy and happy clarity. Beethoven's only opera, *Fidelio*, a work heard not enough in this country, sings the praise of freedom and love in music which, under Toscanini's direction, expresses its themes and transcends them (RCA Victor LM 6025).

Other operas which are rather unfamiliar to Americans are now available in performances by European orchestras and singers. Bizet's first opera, *The Pearl Fishers*, whose colorful music abounds in exotic tunes, unrolls its tragic story of forbidden love in a beautiful presentation by a French cast (Epic SC 6002). The prolific Donizetti's *The Elixir of Love* (RCA Victor LM 6024) charms with its rich and easy flow of melodies and inventive variety of phrasing. Debussy's *Pelléas and Mélisande* (Epic SC 6003), based on a symbolic play by Maeterlinck, is in quite another class—a high-aiming work setting a rare

example of music and word unity. Unexpectedly different from Puccini's well-known works is his lyric comedy, *La Rondine* (The Swallow), a light musical play of pleasant tonal variety (Columbia Entré EL 12). Similarly of light weight and yet of considerable musical interest is Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's *The Secret of Suzanne* (Cetra A-1250), a charming musical playlet, an "Intermezzo in One Act," gaily melodious in the spirit of the 18th century.

More familiar operas also have been issued in new releases. In a distinguished Metropolitan Opera production of Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* (Columbia SL 127) Lily Pons pulls all the registers of her art. Angel's La Scala performance of Verdi's *La Forza Del Destino* (3531 C/L) presents exquisite singing by Maria Callas, Richard Tucker and Carlo Tagliabue; the great emotion-filled duets and trios are highlights of operatic singing. Angel also offers in one album the famous combination of Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* and Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci*, both in La Scala performances (3528 C/L); Maria Callas shines in these most operatic of operas with singing that masterfully fuses refinement and emotionalism.

Fifty Years of Great Operatic Singing unfold in a magnificent five-disk album offered by RCA Victor (LCT 6701). Here are the voices of the greatest singers of the last half-century. Legendary names like Francesco Tamagno, Mattia Battistini, Adelina Patti, Marcella Sembrich, Nellie Melba and many others come to a singing life again and remarkable is how the technicians succeeded in restoring luster to the old platters.

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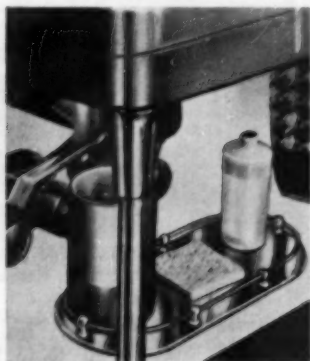
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Don Smith lives in New Orleans. Three years ago Don knew nothing about art—even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in the South—and has a future as big as he wants to make it.

John Busketta is another. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company—until he decided to do something about his urge to draw. He still works for the same company—but as an artist in the advertising department. At a big increase in pay!

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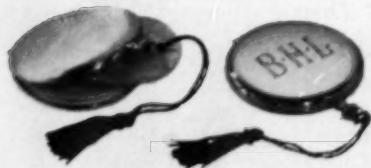
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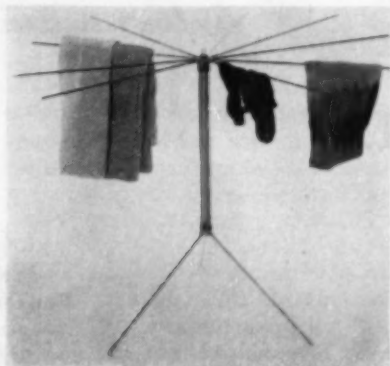
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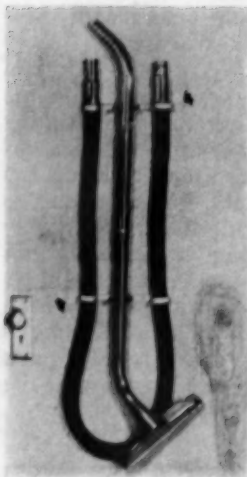
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With this August issue, Coronet's Family Shopper is being replaced by "Products on Parade" as a regular editorial feature.

The Family Shopper will reappear, however, in the October issue as a new advertising section of Coronet. It will include small advertisements offering services and merchandise of specific interest to Coronet readers. Direct mail advertisers interested in participating in the new Coronet Family Shopper advertising section may address their inquiries to: Coronet Family Shopper, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

Merchandise shown on these pages may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

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Cleans Your Breath While it Guards Your Teeth



Keep Your Punch After Lunch!

by LELORD KORDEL

ARE YOU PREPARED to do a full day's work for yourself or your employer? Or do you bog down after lunch into the emotional and physical slump commonly known as "midday drowsiness?" On Sundays you can bolster this fatigue with a nap. But on weekdays you must prevent this efficiency stealer.

Fortunately, this slump can be avoided by adopting good eating habits. For midday drowsiness is largely due to overeating, unbalanced meals and nutritional deficiencies.

Your best way to avoid overeating at lunchtime is to have a high-protein breakfast. Protein foods maintain an even blood-sugar level, which is your hunger thermostat. By eating a high-carbohydrate breakfast of coffee and rolls, or by

skipping it altogether, your blood-sugar level takes a sharp dip, making you so hungry and fatigued about 11 o'clock that you just can't wait to eat a big lunch.

Even a midmorning cup of coffee has little effect on your dropping blood-sugar level, which is making you "hungry as a bear." Coffee is a stimulant, not a food.

Only a breakfast containing meat, fish, cheese, eggs, etc., can maintain a normal blood-sugar level in your body and stave off desire for food until lunchtime.

An outstanding example of avoidance of midday drowsiness through good nutrition is furnished by President Eisenhower, who has no time to pamper midday drowsiness. This typical lunch gives him foods necessary to keep in condition. I rec-

commend a similar fare to anyone at a desk job who wishes to overcome after-lunch drowsiness:

CALORIE ESTIMATE

Tossed salad	50
Broiled steak	200
Broiled mushrooms	25
Broiled potato slices (with skins on)	100
Black coffee or tea (no sugar)	0

To approach this light, nourishing lunch with the razor edge of his appetite somewhat dulled, the President eats a good, protein-rich breakfast: broiled trout and eggs is an outstanding example.

Filling out the day with fortifying snacks in the form of a mid-morning energizer and afternoon pickup is the best way to appease hunger and to keep the hunger thermostat of blood sugar at an even high. If they are protein-rich, these snacks can keep up your blood-sugar level, ease an abnormal craving for food—especially of the wrong kind. Eating less, but more often, is another solution to the drowsiness that follows a too-heavy lunch.

This does not mean that you are able to dispense with regular, balanced meals. Unbalanced meals contribute to that midday slump because the body has not received the foods it needs to keep it going at top efficiency into the afternoon.

A pretty little Detroit secretary had turned from sandwiches to salads and coffee for lunch to overcome her midday drowsiness. She had not been successful. She was just as sleepy as ever, and her unsatisfied hunger forced her to seek more food.

"I had to go down and get a

candy bar in the middle of the afternoon, I got so hungry," she said.

I assured her that salads were fine, providing she balanced her luncheon with high-protein foods—meat, fish, cheese, eggs, etc. Only then would she have something that would "stick to her ribs" and give her the pep to do a full afternoon's work.

"Your body's digestive chemistry demands that you eat complete foods and balance them," I cautioned her.

Proteins—to be complete—must contain all ten of the essential amino acids we hear so much about these days. And, without the essential amino acids, it is impossible for your body to construct the raw materials needed for repair and maintenance of the various cells and tissues.

You will find all of the essential amino acids present in the following foods: lean meat (this includes gland meats, fish and poultry), eggs, cheese and milk products.

I pointed out to the secretary that she could balance her proteins with minerals and vitamins contained in the lettuce and other vegetables of her salad. Vegetable minerals and vitamins assist the body in absorbing cell-building proteins and promote their distribution through the blood stream.

"You will not hunger for a candy bar if you eat a balanced lunch," I told her. "And you will go back to your office assured that you have eaten the kind of food to sustain you for your afternoon's work."

Nutritional deficiencies often prevent you from keeping up your working pace; they contribute to your midday slump. Lack of thia-

mine (vitamin B₁) impairs efficiency most directly. This vitamin controls the amount of energy you get from food. You cannot move a muscle, think a thought, or carry on the life processes without this "spark plug."

Enough thiamine must be present to enable your body to burn glucose, a body fuel. Lack of thiamine makes the difference between living an energetic, creative, happy life—or one in which you are continually tired, listless, stifled. After-lunch fatigue is one of the first signs that your diet is not giving your body the thiamine necessary to convert calories into the energy required for daily living.

Liver, heart and kidney furnish an abundance of thiamine. Seeds, in the sprouting or grain form, are good vegetable sources of this vita-

min. Unfortunately, much thiamine is destroyed during cooking and soaking. Whole-wheat bread, when toasted, loses up to 50 per cent of its thiamine content.

It is better for you to use the lunch hour for just what it is—a time for refreshment—rather than making it the rush-rush hour of the day. Are you guilty of abusing your lunch hour for appointments or shopping? Do you dash around here and there, sometimes not even finding enough time to pause for any lunch at all?

If you do, you return to your work exhausted; nagging hunger pains invade your stomach; low-blood-sugar fatigue makes it impossible for you to concentrate on your work. Just how much good are you—in such a condition—to your employer and to yourself?

Money Matters



THE INDIAN on the Indian Head penny is no Indian, so the story goes. "He" was modeled after Sarah Longacre, daughter of a chief engraver of the Philadelphia mint.

—Conn. State Prison Monthly Record

"NOT WORTH A RAP" has nothing to do with a knock from the knuckles. A *rap* was a counterfeit half-penny coin in 18th-century Ireland.

BEFORE *Dixie* CAME TO MEAN the South, it was a New Orleans \$10 bill, with one side printed in English and the other in French. Dix is the French word for *ten*, and *Dixie* is the land where *dixies* were circulated.

IN ANGLO-SAXON TIMES, if you bought anything you paid for it with cattle. The word for cattle was *feoff*. As *fee* we still use it today.

DOLLAR means valley, from the German *Thaler*, a popular coin of the 16th century, made in Joachimsthal (the valley of Joachim), Bohemia.

THE BIT in "two bits" used to refer to a small coin in England. It came to America through English colonists in the West Indies, who called the Spanish *real* (one-eighth of a dollar) by that name.

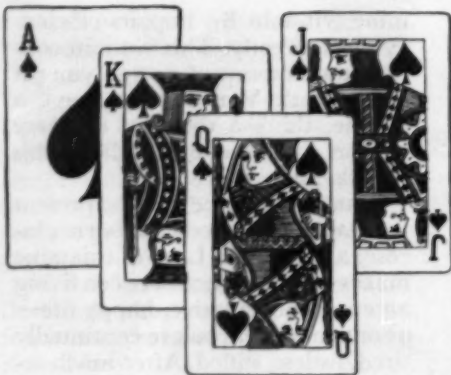
—JOSEPH DIGIOVANNI in *Catholic Digest*



The Five Strangest Bridge Hands

by ELY CULBERTSON

One of the world's foremost bridge experts reveals the most unusual card combinations that he has encountered

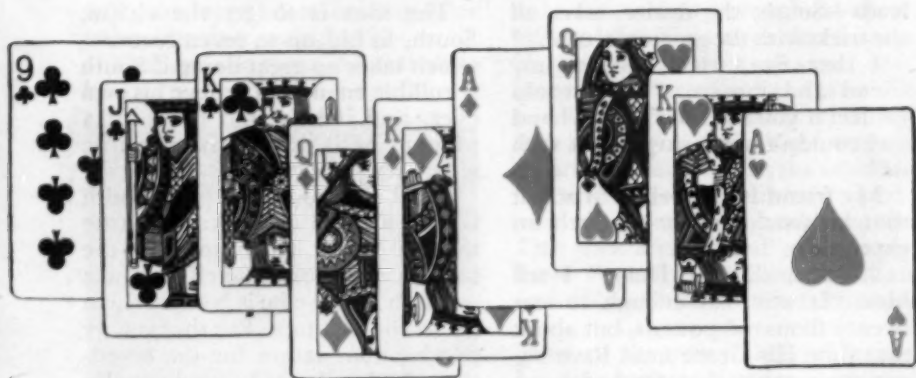


WHEN YOU CONSIDER that a deck of bridge cards can be dealt out to four players in a thousand octillion different ways (which is a little matter of the digit one followed by 30 zeros), it is understandable that some peculiar combinations are going to come up. But the strangest part is that when they do come up, the victims of these "freaks" howl just as piteously as though they were the only ones who had ever been so pilloried by the hand of Fate.

Whenever somebody pours into my quasi-sympathetic ear the gruesome tale of what happened to him on such-and-such a bridge hand, I have a standard counterthrust. "Ghastly!" I say. "But listen—if you think you're the unluckiest of card players, you're not. Did you ever hear about the Duke of Cumberland?"

"What have dukes got to do with it?" is the usual snort. "I tell you, this hand I held was the most infuriating, disgusting—"

"The Duke of Cumberland," I break in firmly, "was *really* unlucky. This was back in the days of



whist, the granddaddy of contract, and according to the best evidence, the Duke was a very high roller.

"So when some sharpie—whose name, incidentally, really should have been preserved—dealt the Duke the following hand, you can understand why His Grace got a little excited:

♠ A K Q J
♥ A K Q
♦ A K Q
♣ K J 9

"In whist," I explain to my dazzled listener, "there was no bidding; the last card of the deal was simply turned face up and became the trump. The dealer in this case turned up a club—which, you'll soon see, was a very thrifty move on his part.

"The Duke, understandably elated, was indiscreet enough to murmur that at last he had picked up an unbeatable hand, and that was what the dealer had been waiting for! The main idea at whist, you know, was to win the odd trick—that is, to take seven tricks out of the possible thirteen.

"The Duke said something to the effect that he would bet his life that he would win the odd trick. The dealer politely differed, and after much jockeying by both parties, the wager was set at twenty thousand pounds, a very hefty sum in those days.

"Well, the play started, and this was the entire deal:

North			
♠	10 9 8 7		
♥	J 10 9 8		
♦	—		
♣	8 6 5 4 3		
West	East (the Duke)		
♠	6 5 4 3 2	♠	A K Q J
♥	7 6 5 4 3 2	♥	A K Q
♦	J 10	♦	A K Q
♣	—	♣	K J 9
South (Dealer)			
♠	—		
♥	—		
♦	9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2		
♣	A Q 10 7 2		

"You will note," I continue, "that it doesn't matter what card West

leads—South, the dealer, takes all the tricks with the greatest of ease.”*

I then fix a steely eye on my friend and inquire, “How would you feel if you held the Duke’s hand and couldn’t win a single trick with it?”

My friend is compelled to admit that he would not enjoy such an experience.

“Neither did the Duke,” I tell him. “It was bad enough to lose twenty thousand pounds, but about that time His Grace must have begun to suspect that he had been well had and, in fact, ever since that time, the Duke of Cumberland Hand has been the darling of card-sharps looking for a quick turnover.”

ANOTHER “STRANGE” and historic hand—though not of as ancient lineage as the Cumberland affair—is the Mississippi Heart Hand. The tale about this one is that Mississippi River gamblers were fond of cold-decking innocents by dealing them the South cards in this or an equivalent set-up:

North			
♠	J 5 4 3 2		
♥	—		
♦	5 4 3 2		
♣	5 4 3 2		
West		East	
♠	—	♠	10 9 8 7 6
♥	8 7 6 5 4 3	♥	2
♦	A K Q J 10 9 8	♦	7 6
♣	—	♣	10 9 8 7 6
South			
♠	A K Q		
♥	A K Q J 10 9		
♦	—		
♣	A K Q J		

The idea is to get the victim, South, to bid up to seven hearts—which takes no great doing if South is gullible enough to believe his own eyes, and if he’s that much of a pigeon, he’ll doubtless redouble when West doubles.

If all this comes to pass, South is in for quite a shock. It is true that he won’t meet up with the same humiliation as befell the Duke—South in this case is bound to win his six high trumps. But that is only relative consolation for the seven-trick, 2800-point redoubled penalty which South will suffer when West makes good on his double.

Observe that with West opening a diamond against the grand-slam heart contract, South can’t win any trick *except* in trumps. From the moment he ruffs a diamond, as he must sooner or later, West is one-up on him in the trump department, and South’s luscious A-K-Q of spades and A-K-Q-J of clubs are worth precisely nothing.

BUT IT IS NOT such curious hands as the foregoing which intrigue the experienced bridge player: he has seen enough to know that weird events can and do occur. You probably couldn’t get him to bite even if you put the following proposition to him—but you can try.

“Look, how would you like to play a small-slam contract with only two trumps in your own hand and two in dummy—in other words,

*The play is: suppose West leads a spade (it doesn’t matter what selection he makes). South trumps the trick and leads a diamond for North to trump. North returns a club, and South just tops East’s card. A second diamond is ruffed by North and a second trump returned, South again winning as cheaply as possible. A third diamond ruff drives out East’s last card in the suit and establishes five diamond tricks for South, who now trumps the spade or heart led by North, picks up East’s last trump, and spreads the hand, claiming the 13 tricks.

with the opponents holding nine trumps against your four?"

Then you lay out the following hand:

		North	
		♠ Q J	
		♥ A K Q 8 2	
		♦ 4 3	
		♣ 8 7 5 4	
West		East	
♠ 10 6 5 4		♠ 9 8 7 3 2	
♥ J 9 5		♥ 10 4 3	
♦ 9 7 6		♦ J 10 8	
♣ Q J 10		♣ 9 6	
		South	
		♠ A K	
		♥ 7 6	
		♦ A K Q 5 2	
		♣ A K 3 2	

South (you'll say) ends up at a contract of six spades—though how he gets to such a fantastic spot is best left to your supposed victim's imagination. Point out that even stranger things happen in bridge.

You must make one reservation when you suggest (timidly, of course) that you might be persuaded to bet a nickel that you can make 12 tricks *at spades* with the North-South hands: West is permitted to lead anything except a trump. You might touch this up by observing something that is quite true: a trump lead against a small-slam contract is rarely smart, anyway.

Once over that hurdle, the rest is easy. Say that West opens the Queen of clubs. As South, you win the first trick and cash in your other club honor, too; then you lead out the A-K-Q of diamonds and the A-K-Q of hearts, discarding clubs in each case. The opponents can

only follow suit throughout these eight tricks. The rest is elementary. You cross-ruff the two small diamonds in your own hand and the two small hearts in dummy, bringing home the four high trumps separately. Meanwhile, the adversaries undergo the frustrating experience of *under-trumping*, and when the 13th trick arrives, and you already have your small slam, they can scramble with each other in trumps.

ONE OF MY OWN "historic" hands occurred in a session with distinguished company: General Eisenhower, shortly before he became President; the late Chief Justice Fred Vinson; and Gen. Alfred M. Gruenther, now Commander-in-Chief of NATO.

My partner was General Gruenther, West, with the President on my left in the South position, and the Chief Justice in the North. This fateful hand was dealt:

South, dealer	
East-West vulnerable	
North (Vinson)	
♠ A 6 5 3	
♥ J 10 8 7 6	
♦ 2	
♣ Q 10 9	
West	East
(Gruenther)	(Culbertson)
♠ K 9 8 7 2	♠ Q J 10 4
♥ 4 3	♥ A Q 2
♦ 8 3	♦ A K J 7 5 4
♣ J 8 5 4	♣ —
South (Eisenhower)	
♠ —	
♥ K 9 5	
♦ Q 10 9 6	
♣ A K 7 6 3 2	

(Continued on next page)

This was the bidding:

South	West	North	East
1 ♣	Pass	1 ♥	Double
2 ♥	2 ♠	Pass	3 ♦
Pass	3 ♠	Pass	6 ♠
Pass	Pass	Double	Redouble
Pass	Pass	Pass	

Gruenther's repeated spade bids may seem to have been rather reckless, but, as a bold campaigner, he was simply acting on my purposely subtle implications. The fact that I had made a vulnerable double of a heart bid was a specific request for a response in the other major suit, spades, and my three-diamond bid sounded to him like a fishing expedition—as indeed it was. I had decided, from the moment I heard Gruenther bid two spades, that we would have to try for a slam, and if the opponents indiscreetly doubled, I'd redouble.

What I had carefully (and at some risk of being dropped in three diamonds) built up as a psychological trap against them turned out to be a horrendous trap for us. Vinson led his singleton diamond; after that we were in the enemy's hands.

Gruenther was impassive as he won the opening diamond lead in dummy, but I could soon imagine what he was thinking. He led the ten of trumps from dummy, and when the President discarded a small club, the fat was in the fire. Vinson won with the ace and returned the jack of hearts—from then on, Gruenther had to use all his strategy to hold our loss to two tricks—1000 points, due to my redouble.

SPEAKING OF WHAT distribution I can do to the hapless bridge player, my heart has always gone

out to the truly unfortunate soul who was East in the following imbroglio:

South, dealer			
Both sides vulnerable			
North			
♠ K 10 6			
♥ 7 3			
♦ K Q J 10 4 2			
♣ 6 5			
West		East	
♠ 7 3		♠ 4	
♥ 8 5 4 2		♥ A J 10 6	
♦ 8 6 3		♦ A 9 7 5	
♣ 9 7 3 2		♣ A J 8 4	
South			
♠ A Q J 9 8 5 2			
♥ K Q 9			
♦ —			
♣ K Q 10			

What happened here was what occasionally happens in bridge and in life: a player got completely mixed up, committed a frightful blunder—and as a result was showered with gifts by the capricious Goddess of Luck! This was the remarkable bidding:

South	West	North	East
2 ♠	Pass	3 ♠	Pass
4 No Trump	Pass	5 ♠	Pass
6 ♠	Pass	Pass	Double
Redouble	Pass	Pass	Pass

South, a famous expert, knew that he was taking a chance when he opened with a game-forcing two-bid, holding only one ace, but he and his partner had agreed to use the Blackwood Convention and so he could inquire about aces at his convenience and, if advisable, stop at a safe level.

To South's astonishment, how-

ever, North answered the Blackwood four-no-trump bid with five spades—a response which is rigidly reserved for the announcement of three aces!

South applied a certain skepticism to the situation: he strongly suspected that North had miscounted, or forgotten, or something, but it couldn't occur to South that his partner had translated *no* aces into three aces, so he "played safe"—he thought—by bidding only six spades.

It is easy to understand that this slam bid filled East with great glee. He had been astounded by the entire bidding sequence, and when North made his egregious blunder in responding to the Blackwood, East, of course, knew exactly what had happened. Thus, when South's six-spade bid came around, East put in his double with enthusiasm, and the redouble that followed made him drool!

Alas, what then transpired is the stuff from which nightmares are

made. West, holding a Yarborough, was faced with an out-and-out guess as to what to lead. His unlucky fingers strayed to the *diamond* suit.

Voila! The diamond ten was played from dummy and East's ace was neatly decapitated by South with a trump. South then led the ace and another trump, landing in dummy. The five good diamond tricks were rattled off, and when East discarded the jack and ten of hearts (among other cards), South threw away the king and queen of hearts, holding the nine, then abandoned all his clubs.

The end result was that when South next proceeded to overtake dummy's trump and cash the rest of the trump suit, East—who could scarcely be blamed for virtually disintegrating—kept the wrong ace for the thirteenth trick, and North-South scored up the redoubled slam contract, the extra trick (worth 400 points) and the rubber, for the grand total of 2420 points!

Washington Report



MOST SPEECHES on government economy are sound—all sound.

—HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

ONE BUREAUCRAT to another: "Well, if we made a bad blunder, don't just stand there, Sneedby! Label it 'top secret' and file it away!"

—GEORGE LIGHTY and the
CHICAGO *Sun-Times* SYNDICATE

A MAN visiting Washington met a friend and found him looking better than he had for years. The friend explained that after having worked for the WPA, RFC and

OPS, he was then with the Department of Interior working on the national rat extermination campaign. "It's just wonderful," he said, heaving a satisfied sigh. "Everybody's against rats."

—NEAL O'HARA (McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

A REPORT says that in one government department, there were 24 supervisors supervising the work of 25 people. When told about this, a bureaucrat was horrified. "Imagine such a situation!" he exclaimed. "Which supervisor was absent?"

—Phoenix Flame

This valuable and versatile material plays a part in nearly everything you do

CHARCOAL'S BLACK MAGIC

by JACK DENTON SCOTT



DRS. FENLEY HUNTER of the American Museum of Natural History, and M. R. Harrington of the Southwest Museum of Los Angeles, on a field trip near Tule Springs, Nevada, stumbled upon ancient ash beds. Digging, they discovered a large quantity of black objects that have upset scientific theory on how long man has lived in America.

The black substance pushed back the dawn of human existence on this continent to some 24,000 years. Prior to their discovery, it was believed that the date went back only 12,000 years.

During World War I, when the Germans used poison gas, thousands of soldiers' lives were saved by the magic filtering qualities of the same black material. Just a few months ago, an American named Thomas Jefferson Williams, realizing that he could extract acetone, creosote and other items from the stuff, bought 450,000 acres of forest in Argentina, where he intends to set up operations and sell his products to railroads and industrial centers in South America.

If you listen to tobacco commercials on TV, then you probably know that the black substance is charcoal, as common and uncommon, as valuable and worthless a material as exists. Used for everything from broiling a steak to producing a filter for your cigarette, charcoal has been working for man almost as long as fire.

To make charcoal, about all the ancient fire-tender had to do was to get a pile of wood burning strongly, then smother it. With the air supply cut off, some of the wood was reduced to charcoal instead of being consumed. Since that time, many different types of apparatus have been devised to make charcoal—everything from a pit in the ground to a vertical tube retort.

Modern life being what it is, you make few moves without the aid of charcoal—from helping supply the graphite in your pencil to curing the meat on your dinner table. Used as a specialized fuel in fish curing, tinning and plumbing, and citrus growing, it also has its metallurgical value, assisting in the pro-

duction of commercial and special alloys. You might not be able to stop your car, or even make it go, if charcoal hadn't been discovered by accident eons ago.

Not only is it used chemically in the production of engines and brake linings, but the black substance helps make the miracle of gasoline possible by helping to separate gasoline from natural gas. Glass, glue, plastics, rubber, pharmaceuticals, poultry and stock feeds, fertilizers and garden mulches, electrodes and galvanizing, all owe allegiance to charcoal.

Take a look at the shirt or dress you are wearing. What, other than the style, cut, or material, makes it attractive? Color, of course. Thank charcoal again. It plays a major part in dyeing. That glass of beer you enjoy came into frothy being through charcoal since, in brewing, it is used to control the gas content and taste of beer.

Unlike most other materials that have played a major part in our economy, charcoal had no specific inventor. It was first used for heat, and the developed art of making charcoal goes back to a period long before the Christian era. In later days, great quantities of charcoal were used for the reduction of iron from ore. So voracious was the demand for charcoal in this industry that great timber tracts, both in this country and England, were seriously depleted. To the everlasting

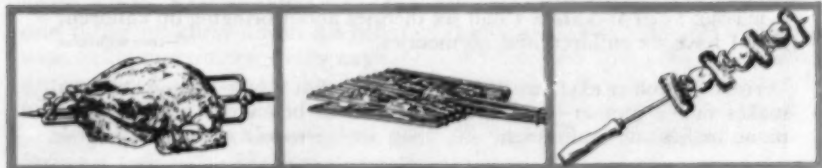
benefit of our forests, coke is now used for iron smelting, while charcoal has become increasingly diversified, being utilized for more economical purposes than feeding the maws of blast furnaces.

As a result, many states today are pointing to its manufacture as a forest conservation measure. Henry I. Baldwin, research forester for New Hampshire and in charge of charcoal-making on state forests, points out:

"A forest plantation and a vegetable garden have at least two features in common. They have to be planted and they need weeding. Weeding is a necessary expense, well recognized in the case of a garden, but often neglected in forests. Suppose you could use the weeds? It would certainly help pay for the weeding, and provide an immediate harvest. Charcoal-making does this by providing a profitable use for the small or poor quality forest weeds cut out when improving forest plantations."

Prior to World War I, the center of charcoal production in this country was in the Catskill Mountains of New York State, and northwestern Pennsylvania. But now it has spread all over the U. S., often in small operations where the homemade cinder-block kiln is used to supply local demand.

That is why families everywhere have taken to using charcoal the way our ancestors did. Not for heat



but as fire—for cooking outdoors. This has become the day of the outdoor grill, the barbecue cart, pit or bowl. A great new industry has sprung up to satisfy our atavistic urge to broil meat over an open fire.

Grills of every design and shape, costing from a few dollars to several hundred, have appeared. And, in every case, the fuel used is charcoal—in lumps and in symmetrical briquettes. We have newly discovered something that was common knowledge in colonial times: meat and fowl broiled over charcoal have a wonderful flavor.

In the state of Connecticut alone, the increased use of charcoal for picnic fires has brought the total figure of consumption for that state to about 20,000 tons, while national consumption of the material has leaped to new heights. Fred R. Simmons, vice-president of the

Northeastern Wood Utilization Council, a man who knows his wood from tree to char, is enthusiastic about the outdoor cookery craze.

"In 1952, an official estimate of charcoal production nationwide was about 250,000 tons," he says. "In 1953, according to the best figures available, this increased to 315,000 tons. And about sixty per cent of all charcoal being used today is marketed in small sacks for domestic use."

But it has remained for the New Hampshire Forestry and Recreation Commission to succinctly sum up the story of charcoal. Not too long ago, they put out information on charcoal in a four-page brochure, entitled: "Diamonds to Burn." No one has ever come up with a better or more complete description of the versatile and valuable black stuff.

Ah, Parenthood!



POISE is an acquired characteristic which enables father to buy a new pair of shoes at the same time he is ignoring a hole in his sock.

—*Ohio State Sundial*

EDUCATION is what a man gets when he sits in his living room with a group of teen-agers.

—*Wall Street Journal*

A MOTHER'S LIFE is not a happy one. She is torn between the fear that some designing female will carry off her son and that no designing male will do the same for her daughter.

—*Changing Times*

ADOLESCENCE, mothers find, is the period in which their young suddenly feel a great responsibility about answering the telephone.

—*Long Lines*

BEFORE I GOT MARRIED, I had six theories about bringing up children; now I have six children and no theories.

—*LORD ROCHESTER*

THE COMMONEST FALLACY among women is that simply having children makes one a mother—which is as absurd as believing that having a piano makes one a musician.

—*SYDNEY J. HARRIS, Chicago Daily News*



BUSINESS-WISE



IN THE LOBBY of a large New York office building are two identical candy booths, selling the same candies and managed by two equally pleasant girls. Yet one always has twice as many customers as the other. I asked the more successful girl what her magic formula was.

"It's all in the scooping," she said. "An indifferent scoop usually puts too much candy on the scales. That means you have to take some of it away, and the customer feels cheated. I'm always careful to scoop too little the first time and then add a little more. The customer thinks he's getting a bonus. It's amazing how business has increased."

—MRS. D. E. WINDEN (*Rotarian*)

"SO YOU THINK you can dress show windows to attract women, eh?" the personnel manager said to the young job applicant. "How would you go about it?"

"First I'd put a large mirror in the window, then—"

"You're hired!" shouted the manager.

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

THE PROPRIETOR of a Canadian maternity shop where business had dwindled, brought it all back again when he capitalized on the one thing he knew about his otherwise fickle customers: every expectant mother is certain she knows just when to expect her child.

He put a sign in the window offering a free baby blanket to every

one who could guess the date right; in no time his shop was full of expectees who came in to register their guesses—and buy a few things.

He allows a two-day leeway either way, but the odds are still almost two-to-one in his favor.

—Maclean's

A HOLLYWOOD PHOTOGRAPHER puts vanity to work in collecting overdue bills from famed female patrons. With his past-due notice he encloses an unretouched proof of the customer and requests permission to exhibit it in his studio window as a sample of his work. The patron usually shows up next day, cash in hand.

—IRVING HOFFMAN

A SIGN IN A STORE WINDOW read: "Fishing Tickle." Noticing the error, a customer asked, "Hasn't anyone told you about it before?"

"Oh, yes," replied the owner. "Many have dropped in to tell me—and they always buy something."

—Modern Retailing

WHEN ANDREW CARNEGIE put Charles Schwab in charge of his steel works, he said to him: "You can make as many mistakes as you like, but don't make the same mistake twice!"

—Home Topics

A Summer Place for Only \$1,800

by ROBERT SCHARFF

Now you can own the vacation retreat you've always dreamed of



THOUGH IT MAY seem hard to believe in these days of high building costs, a livable summer home need cost no more than an average family car; and it will last a lifetime.

Each summer, more and more farsighted families are taking their vacations in hinterland homes of their own. By modern standards, many are on the primitive side, lacking such luxuries as city water, electric wiring, heat or inside plumbing. But they are weather-tight structures adequate to meet the simple sleeping and eating needs of a congenial family that spends most of its time outdoors anyway.

A summer home—built by you for you—is the country's best vacation bargain. To make this building task easier, several manufacturers are turning out prefabricated units in a variety of sizes and costs.

A one-room, 8' x 14' prefab, for example, can be bought off the floor of department stores for about \$390 and assembled by two people in less than a day. This model contains ample space for two cots, a cook-stove and several chairs, and may be enlarged by purchasing additional units as you can afford them. In this way, after a few years you'll have a complete vacation home costing only a few dollars a year for maintenance and taxes.

Or, if you have always dreamed

of a neat silver-gray log cabin nested among pine trees as an ideal vacation spot, all you need is the pine-covered piece of property. The rest is easy, for modern mills provide pre-cut, notched and numbered logs; and you need only decide on a floor plan that meets your requirements, have the materials delivered to your building site and then put it up.

Prefab log cabins are available in a variety of plans and range in price from \$500 to \$5,500. A one-room 8' x 12' cabin costs approximately \$500, while a 12' x 12' can be had for under \$800.

A standard cabin of 20' x 24'—containing a living room, a bedroom, 4' x 6' bathroom and kitchen space—is available for slightly under \$2000. A 24' x 24' two-bedroom place with a floored, overhead loft for extra sleeping or storage room runs about \$2,500.

You don't have to be a skilled carpenter to erect one of these ready-cut log cabins. You simply follow the numbered, diagramed plans, and put the cabin together in sections. The standardized pieces also effect a real savings in labor if carpenters are hired for the job because there is little or no cutting or fitting to be done.

Packaged or knock-down summer homes take many forms. One of the more novel has been developed by the San Francisco architectural team of Campbell & Wong. Called the "Leisure House," the basic 18' x 24' unit looks like an extraordinary pup tent; and it can be erected with a hammer, wrench and 12-foot ladder once the foundation is down. The greatest height is 16 feet. This steep pitch

of roof enables it to withstand maximum snowloads as well as high winds.

It has a combined living-dining-sleeping area, kitchen, bathroom and closet. If a larger place is desired, it can be achieved by ordering additional 4-foot sections.

In this \$1,150, scientifically designed, do-it-yourself structure, the beams are all pre-cut; the buyer simply fastens them together with bolts which are included in the package (the bolt holes are already drilled). The basic package contains everything except nails, glass, paint, plumbing or electrical equipment; and, once the foundation is made, two people can easily handle the construction in three or four days.

A young couple I know recently built themselves a fine summer camp using a standard two-car-type prefabricated garage. They purchased the garage without doors, and filled in the front opening with a sash and a conventional door. Then they added two windows on the sides. These additions, together with a floor that wasn't provided in the original price, gave them a very satisfactory and economical retreat.

If you are sufficiently skilled, modern materials and new building techniques make it possible for the average handyman to build a place, in some cases, at a lower cost than a prefab. Last summer, for instance, I put up a 12' x 20' asbestos-cement fishing shack for under \$700. (A similar knock-down unit would sell for around \$1,000.)

It took longer to assemble than a prefab—about a week—but it was designed to suit our needs and I plan to add to it this year while on my vacation. (When selecting a

A Typical Low-cost Summer Home

COSTS of putting up a livable summer place vary from one section of the country to another, but illustrated below is the typical cost for a small summer home. It is neither the cheapest nor the most expensive that you can buy. Such a place will afford an enjoyable time for a family of three who aren't afraid of roughing it a bit. Any number of other items can be added at a minimum extra cost.

Cabin.....	\$1,160
Concrete block foundation.....	21
Land, including spring site.....	400
Pump arrangement from spring.....	97
Indoor chemical toilet.....	76
Miscellaneous (camp stove and camp icebox, Coleman lamp, cots).....	46
	<hr/> \$1,800

plan for your house, it's important that the basic design and layout be arranged for extensions.)

There are several excellent how-to-do-it books on the subject of cabin building. You can figure the cost for materials by multiplying the number of square feet in the plan by \$3 (the estimated cost per square foot for materials). A 12' x 16' cabin (192 square feet), for example, would require approximately \$576 worth of materials.

If you prefer to employ professional help, labor costs will vary from one section of the country to another, but an average can be considered approximately \$2 a square foot. (This figure is based on the assumption that there will be no electric wiring, no plumbing or heating system.) Say you want an \$800 prefab log cabin 12' x 12' (144 square feet); multiply 144 by \$2. You get the labor cost of \$288.

Hiring local labor during its slack months (late autumn and winter) may cut this cost in half. You can cut the labor costs, too, by doing some of the easier jobs yourself—painting, applying the roofing, etc.

Another way of obtaining a summer home is to buy a "second-hand" place. Vacation residences are available from \$1,000 and up. Some low-cost places may require repairs, but you can make them while enjoying the place.

Whether you plan to build, assemble or buy, the first consideration is to decide upon a location that meets your needs. The whole family should have something to say about this—for half the fun of acquiring a summer place is settling the various details in family councils. Take into consideration what they like to do—fish, boat, swim, dance, hunt, ride, hike—for if the spot doesn't meet their require-

ments, the finest vacation home in the world will prove a disappointment.

First, make up your mind as to the approximate location. If you have a car and are to use your summer residence for only a few weeks a year, distance isn't so important. But if you are a "week-end" vacationist, or must rely upon public transportation, you will not want to spend more than three or four hours traveling each way. Therefore, 50 to 125 miles' distance would normally be the range.

To localize the area in which to look, use the desired distance you wish to travel as a radius and make a circle on a road map. Within it you will probably find a half dozen or so vacation areas that will meet your family's needs.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS nearest the place where you are seeking to locate will be glad to send you a listing of available property. Then, when you visit the area, you will have advance knowledge of the type of land and buildings that can be had and the general value. Write to the local chamber of commerce, state Real Estate Board or the state Development Commission for the names of brokers in the vicinity you wish.

Also, secure a copy of a local newspaper from a nearby town or county seat. It may have just the piece of property or house you want in its "For Sale" ads. If not, insert a want ad of your own, being sure to let it run for several issues.

Never buy a piece of property until you have inspected it carefully and given thoughtful consideration to the location factors of drainage,

orientation and accessibility; and to safety factors such as paths of escape in case of a forest fire, distance from dangerous cliffs and protection against storms and floods. In cities and suburbs, municipal laws protect against dangers and disease, but in rural areas the initiative to provide safeguards for your family is left to you.

A final word of caution—don't buy a summer cabin or location until you know you'll have a good water supply. Since plumbing is altogether contingent upon the supply of water available, find out how and where this is coming from.

In all probability, your vacation retreat will be far from a municipal water main, so you'll need a private system. If there is a spring on your property, the cheapest and easiest water system can be had by locating the cabin downhill below it, then building a small concrete reservoir around the spring and piping the water via gravity flow to the house. Chlorine may be added at the reservoir. By using such a method, you get running water inside the cabin for \$10 to \$75, depending on the length of pipe required.

If your location lacks spring water, a well is preferred, either a deep or a shallow type. Or you can use a cistern, which means collecting the rain water from the roof, filtering it into a reservoir, and then pumping it into the house. Other methods consist of pumping from a lake or stream and adding a chlorinator to assure purification.

With these methods, a pump—electric, gasoline or hand-driven—is required and costs from \$25 to \$200, depending on type. A drilled well, which is considered best by

health officials, costs \$2.50 and up a foot.

To assure health protection, make certain that the water supply is safe. The only sure way is to have it tested for purity. Most local, county or state health departments will do this without charge. Just put a sample of the water in a sterilized bottle and send it to the proper health officer.

When buying any vacation property, you will want to check all the legal aspects of such a transaction. Here the advice of a competent lawyer is required, especially in the purchase of riparian land (that is, land adjacent to streams and lakes), a transfer that is much different from ordinary forms of real estate transactions.

Before you buy, make sure, too, that there are no local zoning restrictions against the use you wish

to make of the property. Many communities have building codes specifying the dimensions, mechanical equipment and types of materials for any residence, temporary or otherwise. If you'd like to erect a 10' by 16' shack, don't buy land in a place where the minimum floor area permissible is 700 square feet.

A vacation hideout can be a world of fun and a sound investment, too—if you'll purchase it with the same care you'd use in buying a permanent house. It's hard to lose money on any good summer home. If you can't use it, or need cash, it should be no problem to rent or sell. Net returns of 20 to 40 per cent on vacation rentals are not uncommon.

And don't overlook the possibility of a summer home as old-age insurance. It can be a low-upkeep refuge when a lean pension won't meet city living expenses.



Men About Town

CADDY: A boy who stands behind a golfer and who didn't see where it went either.

—Wall Street Journal

MILLIONAIRE: A man who travels between his air-conditioned home and air-conditioned office in an air-conditioned car, then pays \$50 to go over to the steam room at the club and sweat.

—The New York Times

BACHELOR: A chap who believes that it's much better to have loved and lost than to have to get up for the 2 A.M. feeding.

—Wall Street Journal

PAUPER: A poor fish without a fin.

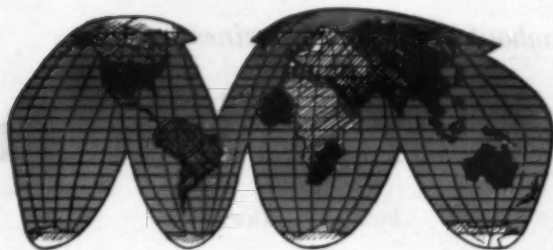
—Es-Roy

INTELLECTUAL: A man who hears the name Monroe and thinks of the late President.

—American Eagle

SUBURBANITE: A man who hires someone to mow his lawn so he can play golf for exercise.

—Pathfinder



Where on Earth?

AS EMCEE of television's new quiz program, "Welcome Travelers" (CBS, Monday through Friday, 1:30 to 2:00 P.M. EDT), Jack Smith salutes a different city or town every day. He has found that many of these places share their names with other cities throughout the world.

As Quizmaster this month, Jack would like you to decide in what countries you would find cities with the same names as the American cities that are listed below. For example: Glasgow, Ky. Answer: Scotland. (Other answers are found on page 52.)

1. Aberdeen, Wash.
2. Alexandria, La.
3. Amsterdam, N.Y.
4. Athens, Ga.
5. Frankfort, Ind.
6. Batavia, N.Y.
7. Bath, Maine
8. Bayonne, N.J.
9. Bergen, N.J.
10. Bethlehem, Pa.
11. Birmingham, Ala.
12. Bogota, N.J.
13. Bristol, Conn.
14. Brunswick, Ga.
15. Cadiz, Ohio
16. Cairo, Ill.
17. Calais, Maine
18. Canton, Ill.
19. Corinth, Miss.
20. Dover, N.H.
21. Dunkirk, N.Y.
22. Florence, Ala.
23. Gloucester, Mass.
24. Hastings, Nebr.
25. Lancaster, Pa.
26. Lima, Ohio
27. Lisbon, N.Dak.
28. Liverpool, N.Y.
29. Lodi, Calif.
30. Lyons, N.Y.
31. Memphis, Tenn.
32. Monrovia, Calif.
33. Montevideo, Minn.
34. Odessa, Tex.
35. Ottawa, Kans.
36. Palmyra, N.J.
37. Parma, Ohio
38. Piedmont, Calif.
39. Potsdam, N.Y.
40. Ravenna, Ohio
41. Salamanca, N.Y.
42. Saint Albans, Vt.
43. Santa Fe, N.Mex.
44. Sparta, Wis.
45. Stratford, Conn.
46. Stuttgart, Ark.
47. Toledo, Ohio
48. Valparaiso, Ind.
49. Waterloo, Iowa
50. Wellington, Kans.

Stamp collectors throughout the world do business with . . .



Boston's Fabulous

by HAL CLANCY



A LETTER ENTERED the U. S. through the port of San Francisco. It came from Cebu City in the Philippines, addressed to: "H. E. Harris, America."

In New York, postal authorities had a comparable puzzler in one from Kaduna, Nigeria, addressed vaguely: "H. E. House Co., Besbon, U.S.A."

There are more than 200,000 persons named Harris in the U.S. and there is no city or town named Besbon. Yet the letters arrived without delay at their correct destination: H. E. Harris & Company, Boston.

As the world's largest dealer in postage stamps for collectors and dealers, Henry Ellis Harris' name (or an approximation thereof) is known wherever people buy or sell stamps. Not an insignificant degree of fame for a man who started in business at the age of 14 with a capital of 25 cents.

Today, H. E. Harris & Company is a fabulous operation that has sold billions of stamps to untold millions of customers. From its offices on Boston's Massachusetts Avenue, you can order 1,000 stamps for a dollar—or pay \$1,000 or more for a single stamp. In fact, if you are willing to pay the cost, the company will undertake to get you any stamp in the world.

But Harris is primarily interested in the average collector—the man, woman or child who does not have a fortune to spend on a stamp hobby. To supply their needs, he maintains agents and correspondents in more than 150 foreign countries and colonies.

He buys stamps in incredible quantities, and incoming shipments vary astonishingly. For instance, one day recently the first shipment from overseas contained a single set of stamps, the next more than 30,000 pounds of them, still on pieces of their original envelopes.

A nine-year-old boy in Savannah sent in five old stamps he'd found on a family property deed and wondered if they had any value. The company bought

Stamp Man

them for \$3,200. Harris looked over another collection of stamps and wrote out a check for \$112,500.

A typical morning's mail brought a request for a free catalog from the tiny Republic of San Marino; a check from a corporation executive for \$3,500 for purchase of one stamp; a letter in a large, wandering schoolboy's hand that read:

"Dear Sirs—You don't need to send me no more of your stamps as I have took up music."

The company dispatched the catalog, routinely mailed the executive his high-priced stamp—but the schoolboy's letter went directly to Harris who answered it himself. This is because Harris sincerely believes in stamp collecting and has built his business to a great extent on his conviction that all you have to do to make a person a dedicated collector is to expose him to stamps for a while. Hence, the thought of anyone quitting the hobby, at whatever age, is a source of genuine shock and he has to find out why.

That attitude probably explains why Harris has created so many new collectors. That—and the fact that he is almost literally a born salesman.

Henry Ellis Harris first saw the light of day in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1902. At age eight, in Norfolk, Virginia, where the family moved, he was doing a brisk door-to-door business selling eggs, stain removers, magazines, court plasters, mail-order grocery products and gold-eyed needles. When his playmates complained of scrap metal that had been discarded on their playing field, he collected it and sold it at a handsome price.

Harris' initial venture in stamps ended in disaster. He found a book of old U. S. stamps in an attic trunk that had belonged to his grandfather and promptly traded them to a neighbor boy who had been collecting for some time. It was not long before Harris, then 14, discovered he had traded stamps worth almost \$50





H. E. HARRIS

for some flashy French colonials worth pennies.

It rankled, and when he saw an advertisement offering counterfeit stamps, he bought 15 cents' worth. Had these been genuine, they would have been worth a few hundred dollars, so Harris had no difficulty swapping them for his original stamps.

"Return them and apologize," his father told him sternly. "You lost the first time because you were out-traded. You won the second time by fraud and cheating. There's a big difference."

Harris returned the stamps—and never forgot the lesson. As a result, his company's world-wide reputation is one of its greatest assets.

After that, Harris approached the stamp business more cautiously. He collected for six months and then took advantage of an offer by the *Washington Post* for free advertising for teen-agers. Before his fifteenth birthday, he had a fair list of customers and a bank account approaching \$200, all made through sales of stamps; and H. E. Harris & Company was a going concern.

He continued his stamp business throughout high school in Balti-

more, besides holding a job afternoons and Saturdays. Soon he began selling at wholesale to stamp dealers who never dreamed that the company consisted of a teen-aged boy with a bedroom office.

There was one setback—almost disastrous: Harris received a handsome brochure from an Austrian "dealer" who offered fantastic bargains. Harris sent \$400 to a bank in Vienna to be paid the "dealer" upon delivery of the stamps to the bank. When the package of bargains finally reached Harris, with \$20 postage due, it contained one carefully wrapped brick. But, generally, his small business prospered.

After World War I, there was a stamp famine in this country because imports had been at a virtual standstill. The demand was suddenly large and Harris went after the supply.

For \$6 he bought a pre-war directory of foreign dealers and mailed to the entire list imposing advertising sheets containing the reassuring news that H. E. Harris & Company was willing to accept shipments of stamps on consignment (no cash until sold by Harris).

In a short time, he found himself with one of the largest wholesale stamp stocks in the U. S.—all on consignment—and while it lasted he sold stamps as fast as he could fill orders, sales reaching as high as \$2,500 a month.

The fortunes of the company improved again when the family moved to Boston. Harris looked up one of his customers, a wealthy wool dealer, and outlined the profits to be made by a trip to Europe to make spot purchases of stamps.

It took the wool dealer quite a

20 U. S. Stamps of High Value

BELOW IS A LIST of some of the most valuable stamps ever issued in this country. Their actual selling prices vary according to the condition of the stamp and market fluctuations. In some Postmaster's Provisionals (stamps printed prior to the first government-issued stamps) prices will be affected by the color of the paper. Used stamps are of maximum value when on the complete original envelope (on cover).

POSTMASTER'S PROVISIONALS OF 1845 TO 1847

Alexandria, Va.	5c black on cover	\$10,000 to \$18,000
Baltimore, Md.	10c black on cover	12,500 to 15,000
Baltimore, Md.	10c red, envelope	12,500 to 15,000
Baltimore, Md.	10c blue, envelope	10,000 to 12,500
Baltimore, Md.	10c black, envelope	12,500
Annapolis, Md.	5c carmine red, envelope	12,000 to 15,000
Boscawen, N.H.	5c blue, on cover	6,000
Lockport, N.Y.	5c red & black, on cover	9,000
Millbury, Mass.	5c black, unused	15,000
New Haven, Conn.	5c red or blue, envelope	6,500 to 10,000
St. Louis, Mo.	20c black, on cover	2,500

GOVERNMENT-ISSUED ADHESIVE STAMPS

1851	1c blue, Type I, imperforate. Unused	\$7,500
1861	12c black, 1st design. Unused	6,000
1867	5c brown, grill covering entire stamp, used	3,500
	30c orange, grill covering entire stamp, used	3,500
1869	15c brown & blue, center inverted. Unused	15,000
	24c green & violet, center inverted. Unused	6,000
	30c blue & carmine, flags inverted. Unused	10,000
1902	2c carmine & black, center inverted. Unused	2,750
1918	24c airmail, carmine & blue, center inverted. Unused	4,500

while to get over the shock of learning that H. E. Harris & Company was an 18-year-old boy. But he finally agreed, saying: "Here's \$30,000. We split even on profits."

It was a spectacularly successful trip. He did so well, in fact, that when he returned home he moved out of his bedroom office and opened

a one-room establishment downtown. (Today the company occupies two floors and some 24,000 square feet in Boston, besides a large branch office and assembly plant in Derry, New Hampshire.)

Business improved steadily during the next few years and Harris invested heavily in the stock market

—on margin. In 1929 the nation's financial roof fell in and he was deeply in debt. All he had left were his stamps and a determination to keep his company in existence.

"Maybe people won't be traveling as much," he said. "Maybe they won't buy as many cars, but they've got to have some fun and relaxation—so they'll always buy stamps."

All through the depression years, more and more people took up stamp collecting and by 1933 he had paid off his last debt and had 30 persons working for him. But that was only the start. Why couldn't stamps, if attractively packaged, be sold in chain stores such as Woolworth and Kresge? Harris persuaded the stores to try it by agreeing to take back all the stamps they couldn't sell. He did not have to take any back—and the company grew to 50 employees... 75... 100. At the same time, he continued his "sales guaranteed" policy, which is still in effect today.

Then, he convinced Procter & Gamble that he could supply enough stamps to be used as premiums in selling Ivory Soap. The campaign was fabulously successful and by 1935, Harris was the biggest stamp dealer in the world, employing more than 200 persons. He has held the position ever since. How did he do it?

"Mostly plain dumb luck," he insists.

Others don't agree. Along with an undeniable genius for salesmanship, Harris has an apparently boundless energy and a thorough knowledge of his business.

Recently, he negotiated with General Mills, world's largest cereal manufacturer, a premium contract for 150 million foreign stamps

bearing postmarks from all over the world.

So many people, from eight to eighty, have asked so many questions about stamps over the years that the company has compiled the answers in a booklet, called "The Stamp Collector's Guide," which is sent free on request in astronomical quantities.

Harris, married and the father of five children, lives in the suburban town of Wellesley. A slim, balding man with a quick smile, he runs his tremendously complex business without apparent effort.

But his quiet manner and air of relaxation are disarming—as instance the case of Tony, a shoeshine boy who proudly exhibited a bulging bag of marbles he had won.

Between swipes of his polishing cloth, Tony made it clear that he was nothing less than the marble scourge of South Boston.

"How about a game?" Harris asked.

The boy agreed slyly—provided it was for keeps—and Harris sent his secretary out for some marbles.

Then, while the world's largest stamp company transacted its business outside, the president was on his knees in his private office—playing marbles.

The shoeshine boy's cocky grin faded quickly as Harris, a marble champion in his youth, cleaned him out, locked the marbles in his office safe, paid for his shine, and went back to his desk all business again.

Later he returned the marbles, with some advice.

"You've had your first business lesson," he told the youngster. "Never forget it: Don't ever underestimate your competition!"

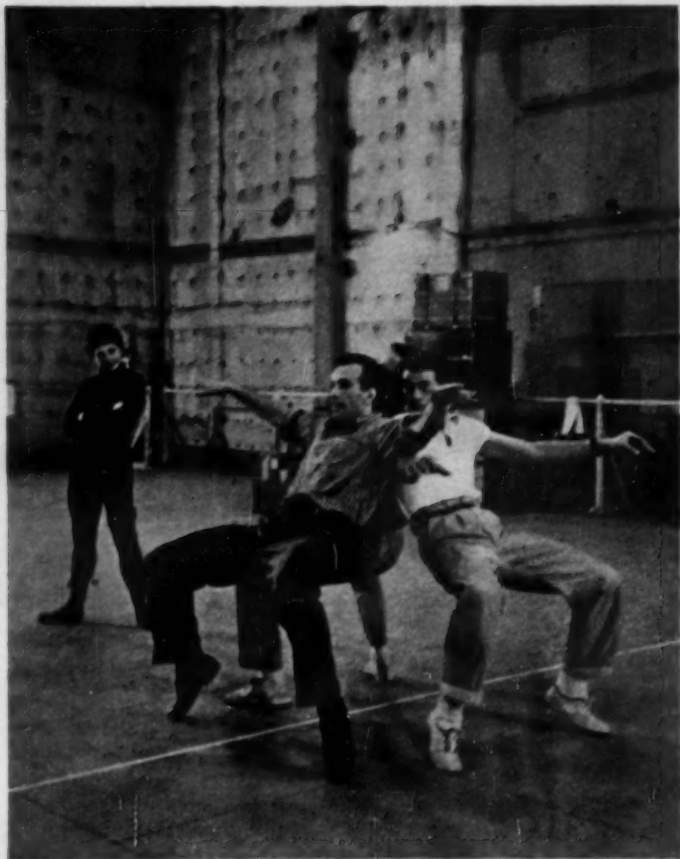


The Making of a Movie

BING CROSBY AND A VIBRANT FRENCH BALLERINA named Jeanmaire appear together for the first time in Paramount's new musical comedy, "Anything Goes." Here is the story behind the picture—the choreography, the dance rehearsals, the recording sessions, and the film "takes" that go into the making of a movie.

WHEN JEANMAIRE DANCED the explosive Carmen in a ballet created by her choreographer husband, Roland Petit, audiences in Paris and London cheered through thirty curtain calls. Since then, the tiny dancer, dubbed a "firecracker in tights" by critics, has captivated Broadway and Hollywood with her almost limitless vitality. Dancing since she was ten, Jeanmaire still loves her work, says: "If you don't work . . . you are very unhappy." Here, she and Petit rehearse a dance sequence from one of the picture's big production numbers, the dream ballet.

Jeanmaire watches Petit and dancers rehearse a fountain tableau.





Jeanmaire plays Gaby Duval, the French dancer who dreams her name is in lights.

After a short break, Petit and Jeanmaire's partner work out a new dance step.



ROBERT LEWIS HAS BECOME Broadway's "most in demand" director since his success with "The Teahouse of the August Moon." Now making his Hollywood debut directing "Anything Goes," he teams with Jeanmaire and Crosby to capture the rollicking spirit of Cole Porter's original show. Jeanmaire, who once thought she couldn't sing, adds a Continental note to the score as she and Crosby romp through all-time favorites like "You're the Top" and "Blow Gabriel, Blow."



Lewis calls for more action.

CORONET



Jeanmaire's throaty voice lends a new seductiveness to the famous Porter music.

Between rehearsals, Bing brushes up on his French with an expert.





In a scene from the dream ballet, Jeanmaire greets New York photographers.

Jeanmaire is right at home as Gaby Duval, the girl who seeks stardom. She, too, once imagined Broadway as a place of bright lights and wonders. Although it's a familiar spot to her now, Jeanmaire says that the old magic is still there.



In a rare moment of relaxation, Jeanmaire scrawls a heart for her native Paris.

X-RAYS CAN BE DANGEROUS

by LYDIA STRONG

When used improperly or excessively, their penetrating power can maim and kill

WILHELM KONRAD RÖNTGEN, director of the Physical Institute of the University of Würzburg, in Germany, was experimenting with a vacuum tube one day in 1895. The tube was shielded with black cardboard, and the room was dark. As Röntgen fed current to the tube, he noticed a light-sensitive screen nearby begin to glow. Yet there was no light!

Some ray from the tube, Röntgen realized, must have caused this. But how? What ray could possibly penetrate solid cardboard?

Wildly excited, Röntgen shut himself up in his laboratory, and after weeks of experimenting emerged with that great gift to humanity—the X-ray.

His discovery revolutionized medicine. Doctors today use the invisible rays to probe the body's inner secrets: to examine broken bones and infected teeth, blocked sinuses

and halting hearts; to look for ulcers and cancers which could be found formerly only by exploratory operations. X-ray pictures of the chest play a large part in the conquest of tuberculosis, and radiation is the major weapon against cancer.

Each year, over 104,000,000 Americans, the U. S. Public Health



AUGUST, 1955

Service estimates, are subjected to X-rays in the form of short exposures recorded on film, in fluoroscopic examinations whose longer exposures permit observation of organs in action or in from small to massive therapeutic doses.

Medicine without X-ray would be unthinkable. Yet medical findings indicate the need for much greater care in the use of this magnificent but double-edged weapon.

The National Committee on Radiation Protection, highest scientific authority in this field, points out forcefully the need for doctors "to exercise great caution and restraint in the use of X-rays for diagnosis and the treatment of nonmalignant diseases."

Whether a particular X-ray exposure harms or helps you depends on the dose and the circumstances. Only a doctor trained in the proper use of X-rays can decide.

Mike Jones, for instance, has an X-ray picture of his chest taken once a year. It's the best method found so far for detecting two dangerous conditions—early tuberculosis and lung cancer. The risk from the tiny exposure of perhaps one-tenth of a röntgen (the dosage unit of this procedure) is negligible compared with the benefit he receives.

A patient may get anything from an X-ray of a broken bone (one or two röntgens) to a massive-dose of 5,000 röntgens to treat cancer. Any needed exposure is justified, for it helps the patient far more than it harms him.

But Wilma Curtis demands that her doctor include routine fluoroscopy as part of each yearly medical examination. She receives a dose of twenty to thirty röntgens while the

doctor peers at her perfectly healthy lungs and heart. An X-ray film could have given all the information needed, at several hundred times less exposure, and could have indicated whether fluoroscopy was necessary.

Will the fluoroscopy hurt Wilma? Certainly she feels no pain. But she doesn't need this examination. Therefore she's accumulating risks from which she can derive no benefit.

EVIDENCE HAS PILED up on three types of risk: to the patient's own body, to an unborn child that may be unwittingly exposed and to coming generations.

Body risks have been known from the beginning, though the reckless over-exposures of the early days have been ended. Today's equipment is immeasurably safer and more efficient and much experience has been gained. Yet the risk of damage from exposure continues. A 1950 report showed leukemia nine times as frequent among radiologists as among other physicians.

Repeated small exposures can have insidious results. Experiments with animals indicate that life is appreciably shortened by a whole-body dose of one-tenth röntgen per day, though the animals show no visible ill effects. Increased dosage further shortens life.

Children may be especially vulnerable to body damage, Dr. Robert W. Miller points out in a bulletin published by the University of Rochester Atomic Energy Project. Because an infant's body is small, Dr. Miller asserts, a much greater percentage is exposed in fluoroscopy. The growing bones, the blood-forming centers, the sex glands and

the digestive tract are most sensitive to excessive radiation. Among the potential risks to the child is predisposition to certain tumors, cancers and leukemia.

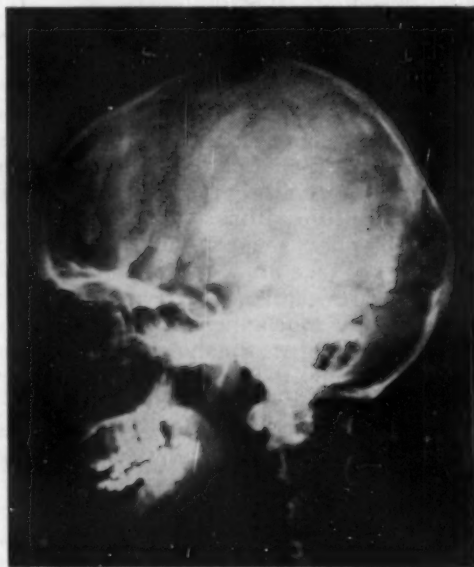
In certain diagnostic examinations of the child's heart, large doses of röntgens are delivered to the chest—and several examinations may be made. This creates the danger that repeated diagnostic checkups of a defective heart may result in further damage to that important organ.

X-ray must be used as needed, Dr. Miller agrees, but he urges avoidance of unnecessarily repeated examinations. Films should be used instead of fluoroscopy whenever it is possible.

Radiation treatment for malignant diseases is entirely justifiable, Dr. Miller says, but for benign (non-cancerous) conditions it should be weighed most carefully, since such conditions may often be treated by other means, thus eliminating the hazards of excessive X-ray dosage.

Remember all this the next time a shoe clerk tries to take your child to the "X-ray machine" for a fluoroscopic test of the fit of his shoes. Though the machine is shielded and the exposure is small, it may be repeated several times a year—and may be totally unnecessary. A competent fitter can fit shoes without the aid of X-ray.

Sensitive as a child may be, a developing embryo is far more so, particularly in the first few weeks of pregnancy. As far back as 1929,



X-ray provides a guide for the surgeon

Drs. Douglas P. Murphy and Leonard Goldstein reported the alarming proportion of abnormalities caused by radiation after conception.

Drs. L. B. and W. L. Russell of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory have shown through animal experiments that the early weeks are crucial: irradiation of the rapidly developing nerve centers, limbs and body tissues may cause death or abnormality.

Doctors know of this risk, and except for grave reasons will not give radiation early in pregnancy when the embryo is most vulnerable. The danger remains that exposure may occur during the first few weeks of pregnancy, when the mother, herself, is not aware of her condition.

Because of this, the *AMA Journal* has recommended to doctors that

they try to limit all X-ray exposure of the pelvic region, in women of child-bearing age, to the two weeks directly following menstruation. It urged also that fluoroscopy of the pelvic region during pregnancy be done only in cases of extreme need, and then by qualified radiologists, with carefully calibrated equipment. This doesn't mean that a doctor may not take an X-ray toward the end of pregnancy to determine whether the mother can deliver normally, whether she has twins, and so forth. By that time, the low film dosage won't damage the child.

The final type of risk from X-ray is the danger to posterity. X-ray exposure of the sex glands, it has been established by thousands of animal experiments, can cause changes in the genes governing heredity. Such changes are known as mutations, and the great majority are harmful.

Most mutations are not readily apparent in the first generation, says Dr. H. J. Muller of Indiana University, Nobel Prize winner for his work on heredity. But each mutation weakens or cripples individuals in succeeding generations and contributes finally to a "genetic death"—an individual, or many individuals, too defective to survive.

If the effect of radiation on humans is similar to that on flies (effects on mice, for example, are more severe) then a dose of 100 röntgens to the sex glands of each individual, before child-bearing age, would eventually double not only genetic deaths, but also constitutional ailments, weaknesses and abnormalities.

Most doctors today use X-ray just as carefully as they know how. Yet unsafe equipment and careless practices are still to be found. In a survey of an Eastern city four years ago, the dosage delivered by 63 fluoroscopes in doctors' offices was found to vary from 3 to 118 röntgens per minute—and *not one of the doctors knew the dose delivered by his equipment.* Many instruments were poorly shielded, exposing doctors to radiation.

Proper practices in fluoroscopy can greatly reduce the exposure from this method. So can the image intensifiers now coming into use. These brighten the image and permit a more thorough examination in shorter time.

In general, it's good medicine to let your doctor decide—don't pressure him for unnecessary radiation. It might help, in fact, for you to ask, "Is this X-ray necessary?"

Where on Earth?

(Answers to quiz on page 35)

1. Scotland; 2. Egypt; 3. Holland; 4. Greece; 5. Germany; 6. Java; 7. England;
8. France; 9. Norway; 10. Israel; 11. England; 12. Columbia; 13. England;
14. Germany; 15. Spain; 16. Egypt; 17. France; 18. China; 19. Greece;
20. England; 21. France; 22. Italy; 23. England; 24. England; 25. England;
26. Peru; 27. Portugal; 28. England; 29. Italy; 30. France; 31. Egypt;
32. Liberia; 33. Uruguay; 34. Russia; 35. Canada; 36. Syria; 37. Italy;
38. Italy; 39. Germany; 40. Italy; 41. Spain; 42. England; 43. Argentina;
44. Greece; 45. Ireland; 46. Germany; 47. Spain; 48. Chile;
49. Belgium; 50. New Zealand.

A story of the remarkable history . . .

Behind Those Venetian Blinds

by WILLIAM J. PERCIVAL

A LITTLE OLD LADY stopped in shocked surprise during a recent tour of the magnificently restored Colonial Governor's Palace in Williamsburg, Virginia.

"Venetian blinds among these lovely old antiques?" she complained to her guide. "Really! How careless of you."

The guide, who had gone through similar performances, sighed and handed the sharp-eyed old lady a copy of a letter written by George Washington on June 10, 1787, in which he instructs a nephew: "I need exact dimensions of the dining room window that I may get a Venetian blind such as draws up and closes and expands made here that others may be made from it for my home."

Like most Americans, the lady had a curious notion that some young fellow invented the Venetian blind 20 or 25 years ago. She was dead wrong by about 660 years and

she was partly wrong by several thousand.

Reed curtains that apparently could be raised and lowered are shown in Egyptian tomb decorations and mentioned in the ancient literature of China and India. But nobody really knows when the principle of the Venetian blind was discovered.

This year, makers of Venetian blinds believe sales will reach an all-time peak because of America's current home-building boom and the practice of installing blinds as standard equipment in office buildings—a trend that began with the completion of the Empire State Building in New York City 24 years ago. Over the last three years, sales have averaged around \$300,000,000 annually.

Perhaps the largest Venetian blind ever made was for "Today," Dave Garroway's TV program. It is 88 feet wide by 18 feet high and

has two miles of aluminum slats. The smallest on record were rigged to a pair of sunglasses.

Although most antique blinds were fashioned of wood, modern ones are also of such materials as steel, plastic, aluminum, or even paper. And, as you know if you've ever taken one apart, they are pretty complicated gadgets employing such parts as pulleys, tilting units and cord equalizers.

Metal Venetian blinds deflect radiation and are actually used as radiation deflectors in the Atomic Energy Commission laboratories at Los Alamos. Since they also prevent flying glass from entering a window, they are a safety factor in the event of an explosion.

The Romans were familiar with the principle that slats mounted in slanting positions enable those inside to watch those outside and remain virtually unobserved themselves. Their Venetian blinds were huge stone slabs set into solid rock. Strangely enough, some 1,900 years later, architects have rediscovered this device and similar stone slabs are now incorporated in modern buildings, both for their ventilating effect and for their geometric beauty.

The renowned traveler, Marco Polo, turned up in 1295 A.D. with the first authentic Venetian blind, a glittering, gold-encrusted series of wooden slats strung together with strong cord. Since Marco Polo mentions bringing the blind back from one of his trips to the court of Kublai Khan, it almost surely was the invention of some unknown Chinese

craftsman; and, in all justice, we probably should be calling them Chinese blinds today.

It was inevitable that others should claim to have discovered the principle. Among these was a Frenchman named LeBoeuf whose "jalousies," more than 400 years later, were merely tilted slats in movable shutters. Also popular in France at the same time were "persiennes," adjustable slats set in fixed frames.

Meanwhile, Joshua Kendall, a Virginia carpenter, was advertising in the *Virginia Gazette*: "The best and newest invented Venetian sun blinds for windows, that move to any position so as to give different lights, prevent your being overlooked, give a cool, refreshing air in hot weather and are the greatest preservative of furniture or anything of the kind ever invented."

Venetian blinds were installed in Mount Vernon, in Thomas Jefferson's home at Monticello and, as contemporary paintings show, in the chamber in Independence Hall where the Declaration of Independence was signed.

High prices for the hand-made Venetian blinds and the low cost of curtains, window shades and other devices caused them to remain a luxury product for more than a century. It was not until the late 1920s that they began appearing in sizeable numbers and today they are so popular that it is estimated more than 40,000,000 windows of American homes and apartments are equipped with them.



HARD WORK is an accumulation of easy things you didn't do when you should have.

—Pathfinder



I Can Prove There Is a God

by LILLIAN ROTH

One of the most inspiring stories of our time is that told by Lillian Roth in her remarkably candid and moving autobiography, I'll Cry Tomorrow, which recounts the successful struggle against alcoholism by a screen star of the 30s, who is now once more a top entertainment figure. A best seller for over a year, her book will appear as a motion picture in October. The following article was written especially for Coronet by Miss Roth in collaboration with Gerold Frank, co-author of her book and a senior editor of Coronet.—The Editors.

**"Atheist, agnostic, unbeliever—at some time in my life
I have been all of these . . ."**

I DO NOT SET myself up as an authority on religion. What I know, what I am certain of, the faith that is now mine, I have learned the hard way.

Atheist, agnostic, unbeliever—I have been all these. In the depths of my anguish, when I saw myself relentlessly destroying what had once been a happy, successful girl, I cried out to God. When I was not answered, I wept, *God does not exist*.

Where was God, and of what use were prayers, if He could allow even one human being to make such a wreck of her life and to drag down with her in shame and despair those who loved her and had sacrificed so much to bring her to fame and success?

I was wrong. Out of my life, out of the lives of others, and out of that conviction which comes to all of us when we face ourselves in absolute honesty, I have come to know God. I can prove there is a God. Not by theological proof, such as you would receive from a priest, minister or rabbi, for I am not qualified. Nor by scientific means, because I am not scientist.

My proof is based not alone on my humble studies in science and religion but also on belief in the value of the human being. And it rests upon the realization of the infinite wonder and glory of the universe.

Too many people cry out: "I don't believe! How can you believe?" And this before they have

even studied to see what it is they don't believe.

To me, the basic approach to proof of God's existence is first to recognize that there are powers—that there is a Power—greater than ourselves and beyond ourselves. Many people dismiss this as supernatural. They find it hard to accept.

It was difficult for me, too—at first. It came to me slowly in my first days in Alcoholics Anonymous, an organization of former alcoholics to whom I turned in my extremity when I had nowhere else to turn.

I came there as a woman of 34, who had earned more than a million dollars, and was now penniless. Behind me lay 16 years of alcoholic horror which not even treatment in a mental institution had cured. I had been married four times—and each marriage had failed. I had nearly committed suicide. I had forsaken virtually everyone who had known me, while virtually everyone who had known me had given me up—save my mother.

"Forget your daughter," friends pleaded with her, watching her slowly destroying herself in vain attempts to save me. "You have no daughter. She would be better off dead."

I knew all this—and yet I was helpless. If there were a God, I used to think in my lucid moments, would He not take pity on me?

But at AA they told me, again and again: "You can believe in a power greater than yourself, no

matter what you call that power for the moment. You can turn your will over to a greater Power."

I could not, I said to them. Once, as a little girl, I had dreamed of becoming a nun. I had had some spiritual contact with God. But now I had lost God. I did not believe in an outside power.

I shall never forget the words of the AA member who said to me: "Lillian, look about you. There are 200 of us here, men and women, and each one of us was a helpless, hopeless drunk. Now we are sober. *Will you believe in that power, whatever it is, that keeps us sober?*"

Somewhere deep in the depths of my alcoholic-fogged brain, this touched whatever was left of my sanity. Yes, they *were* sober, and they had been as I. I could believe in that power. I could turn and pray to it, and pull myself up toward it.

That was the beginning: to admit that a greater Power—no matter what name you give it—existed. And when I reached sobriety and could live and think again as a human being, I began to understand that there is much we must accept because reason tells us to accept, because the evidence is such that it is a denial of reason to refuse to accept.

After all, we cannot account for electricity or the electron. Why will people not struggle against the mystery of the electron, which they cannot touch or see, but will deny the mystery of God because they cannot touch or see it?

Is it harder, for example, to accept the mystery that God exists than it is to accept the mystery that enough energy is imprisoned in a

pebble to blow a city apart? In a universe where such things can be, God also can exist.

But because we are reasoning beings, we constantly seek a simpler answer. A friend who once discussed how to build a train of reasoning at whose end even the doubter must find God put it this way.

"Lillian, you think of God. Why? Because God exists. If He did not exist, you could not have thought of Him."

Before I could protest that I couldn't quite follow this, he went on: "I challenge you—I challenge anyone—to think of anything that *does not exist*. Try it."

I looked at him. It was true. You cannot imagine anything completely non-existent. No matter what you think of, however bizarre or fantastic—a five-legged man, a mind composed of mist and echo, an impossible creature from another planet—you discover that part of your concept is based on reality. So it is with God: for if any part of the concept of God is real, then God Himself is real.

When I report this conversation to some, they shake their heads. "A trick of reasoning," they say. "That argument has a fallacy somewhere . . . You still have to show me."

Then I think of the small wrist-watch I am wearing. I place it on the table before me. If I were to take it apart, I wouldn't expect it to reassemble itself, would I? And looking at all its amazing intricacy, I know as surely as I know the sun shines, that someone made that watch.

Those fine, almost invisible gears meshing with such perfection, the fragile hairspring with just the exact amount of tension, the extraor-

dinarily minute wheels and cogs, each planned to play its role in a microscopic little universe no bigger than my thumbnail—surely all this did not just “happen.” It was not the result of chance.

No. An outside intelligence with a plan put it together. I need not see the watchmaker to know he exists. My evidence is the watch.

Now, move from the watch to the human eye. Iris, pupil, lens, retina, the image cast, caught, registered in the space of a heartbeat. . . . How wonderfully delicate and intricate the human eye! Can I really believe that it threw itself together, that it just “happened”?

No. As with the watch, an outside Intelligence with a plan was at work. Not faith, not fear of the unknown, not superstitious belief, but *reason* makes it as impossible for me to believe that the eye was the product of chance as it is to believe that the watch was an accident.

I cannot conceive that the wonder about us—the timing of the seasons, the marvellous rhythm of the planets, the magnificent achievement that is man, forever aspiring upward and outward toward something higher than himself—I cannot conceive that all this is the result of chance, coincidence and chaos.

I ask, how can there be such universal hunger for God without the existence of God? Could we hunger for food if food did not exist?

Everywhere I look, everywhere I go, every emotion that shakes me, every thought that stimulates me, every dream that inspires me—from where do these come? Why should you and I be so driven by something

outside ourselves to achieve something beyond ourselves?

I say it is impossible to believe that this faith that exists everywhere in the world, the faith of millions of Christians and Jews, Moslems and Buddhists and all the religions of man, is absolutely meaningless. If so, then all humanity is a grotesque mockery. No one who believes in man's dignity can accept the conclusion that all is senseless and without meaning, that the overpowering wonder of the universe is nothing but a cosmic freak!

SHALL I GIVE YOU another reason which to me is proof of God? It is one that grows out of my life. Because I have, with God's help, come back from the dark places of the soul, and once more can walk with dignity—spiritual dignity, some are good enough to say my example has given them strength to surmount their tragedies. Others are good enough to believe that what I say encourages and helps them.

They have written this to me in thousands of letters I have received since “I'll Cry Tomorrow” appeared, and they tell it to me when I come off the stage in nightclubs where Isingorin halls where I lecture.

I know that of myself I haven't the strength to have done this. I haven't the intelligence, nor the education, nor the power, to have said what I have said, unless God gave me this strength and put these words and thoughts in my mind.

Often I have talked and written to people and there has been a cure of some kind, mental or physical. Is this not proof of the power of a positive faith? When I am asked, “Where does it come from?” what

other answer can I give but that it comes from above?

In Philadelphia, there is a polio patient who has forced herself, since reading my book, to walk, on crutches to be sure—but to walk for the first time in years. She did this herself through her renewed belief in God.

In Denver, there is a muscular dystrophy victim who has begun again to take an interest in life, although she knows that her disease is progressive and incurable. She writes me of the gay dresses she buys, and asks my advice about style and describes the adorable new shoes she has ordered "even though I'll never stand up in them."

In Los Angeles, there are 25 boys in a correctional school who have written me, each signing his name to the letter: "Knowing the problems you met and defeated, we know how minor our problems are, and that we'll lick them, too."

And each week hundreds of letters pour in to me from men and women who have had terrible alcoholic problems and tell me that my example has brought them to sobriety and keeps them sober now.

I do not cite these examples as something for which I should be thanked. Should I be thanked for saving my own life? But in all this I see the mysterious workings of God. I see it as proof, as an adding up. I am an instrument of a power beyond me, a power I cannot see, but whose Presence is made manifest to me again and again.

I think of the letters I receive day after day, from a Lutheran minister in Greenland, from a rabbi in New York, from priests who offer masses for me, from nuns who ask



Lillian Roth, in 1930, at height of fame.

me to speak before their young girls . . . when I think of this constant surge of good things coming to me, I can only say: if no material success had come to me but only this, then this alone would prove there is a God.

For if one like myself can know once more the sweetness of life, the respect of my fellow man, the love of those dear to me—if I can once more, in my chosen profession, bring pleasure and joy and laughter to people—then I say this could only be the work of a beneficent Being, a God who knows the frailties of man and, knowing them, forgives.



Now modern science has discovered a way to combat the inevitable boredom of the bedridden

Ceiling of Hope

by GERALD NELSON

LAST JANUARY seven sick people in Monroe County, Michigan—some cruelly handicapped, others severely ill, a few with minor ailments—silently blessed the generosity of their fellow citizens and the joys of modern science.

Suffering from the inevitable boredom of the bedridden, they had found relief in a small machine slightly larger than a portable typewriter which enabled them to pass the day reading off the ceiling!

Seven-year-old Susan Peters, confined to bed by rheumatic fever for three months, was unable to attend school and in danger of falling behind in lessons. But with the aid of the small projector next to her bed, she continued her studies, flashing the pages of children's books overhead with a flick of her finger on the switch near at hand.

Cartoons livened up the existence of 75-year-old James A. Golden, a patient in Mercy Hospital, who had been almost totally paralyzed by a stroke. A hospital attendant would press the button that turned the pages for the helpless man whose shining eyes and contented smile more than repaid his helper.

In the children's ward, a three-year-old boy recuperating from a

tonsillectomy watched Mother Goose, his eyes dancing with merriment.

In another Monroe County hospital, a burly truck driver with a broken leg bound in a thick cast whiled away the hours on a murder mystery, so engrossed that he became grouchy when the nurse brought his lunch tray and ordered him to stop long enough to eat.

Alvin Bennett, a victim of multiple sclerosis for the past six years, devoured Western stories with the aid of a ceiling projector. These exciting tales of the range had, for him, a therapeutic value too great to measure, doctors feel.

A teen-ager with a virus ailment and a 32-year-old mother bedridden with pregnancy complications lay in their respective homes, slowly flashing the pages of adventure and best-selling novels on the ceiling.

When night came, the Monroe County Library's seven projectors had done a good day's work in helping its local citizens. The people there *know* the machines' value.

CORONET's "Fund for Projected Reading" donated the first ceiling projector in 1950 and it was so much in demand that townships, service organizations and individ-

uals contributed willingly toward the purchase of *six additional* projectors, together with a huge supply of microfilmed books of interest to all age groups.

Today, anyone in the county who is ill, whether confined to hospital or home bedroom, can "borrow books" from the library as part of its community services. Librarians travel to homes to demonstrate the use of the ceiling projectors and to supply new films periodically. These light machines are easy to carry and simple to operate.

Other public libraries offering a similar service in their communities include those in Pomona, California; Fort Worth, Texas; Fall River, Massachusetts; and Caldwell, Idaho.

More than 4,000 ceiling projectors are now in use in the United States, available at cost through Projected Books, Inc., of Ann Arbor, Michigan, a non-profit organization which manufactures both machines and films. Its files bulge with letters telling of the metamorphosis wrought by the ceiling projector in difficult, despondent patients, doomed to long weeks in bed.

"In the darkness of despair," one mother wrote, "its light is a ray of hope."

Constant demands by restless patients leave little time for mother or nurse to give attention to the routine things which fill the day—attending to the rest of the family, preparing special diets, filling out charts. Ceil-

ing entertainment provides the diversion which allows these busy hands to "catch up" on such necessities and perhaps enjoy a rest period, too.

A Monroe County doctor said recently: "What we have done, any community can—and should—do. Anyone who has spent a lengthy period in bed knows how important overhead reading is. I'm glad our library has seven projectors. We could use seven more." 🖐🖐🖐



"The morale and mental well-being of a bed-ridden patient is of extreme importance. Any device that can while away the hours for a sick person—like the ceiling projector reported in this *CONSUMER* article—is indeed a blessing."

Elmer Hess, M.D., President,
American Medical Association

Though scientists have not yet found a solution for preventing loss of hair, they do have definite information about the promised "cures"

The NEWEST Facts About Baldness

by VERONICA L. CONLEY

Assistant Secretary of the American Medical Association Committee on Cosmetics

"DON'T BELIEVE IT" is good advice for those who are tempted to spend large sums on promised "cures" for baldness. Hair remedies and treatments claiming to prevent, postpone or correct baldness have been in use for centuries. The first known written medical record, the Papyrus Ebers, contains a prescription for loss of hair. Its ingredients include fats of the lion, hippopotamus, crocodile, cat, serpent and ibex.

Although thousands of cures for baldness have been announced since then, they all have one element in common—they fail to grow hair. Ordinary baldness, also called male pattern alopecia, still remains a baffling mystery.

Why, then, have the purveyors of hair-restoring cures thrived so long? One of many reasons is that baldness is not a disease but a cosmetic disturbance. Legal authorities, therefore, haven't as much

chance to take action. Furthermore, baldness is a mysterious condition about which people can be easily fooled.

Pseudo-scientific arguments support most of the claimed cures which have managed to survive for any time. And they are frequently so convincing that their unsound bases can be detected only by a trained scientist.

Among the most potent selling arguments are the "before and after" pictures of a customer who states that his loss of hair was cured by such and such a treatment, remedy or device. Nature cooperates in making this type of picture possible, for a number of conditions other than male pattern baldness are characterized by loss of hair.

In many of these instances, however, the partial or total baldness is only temporary. It is not unusual for people with such baldness to seek treatment from so-called hair

and scalp specialists. If, in the course of treatment, spontaneous regrowth takes place, the latter's claim of a "cure" is not usually disputed.

One of the most common conditions of this kind is called post-infectious alopecia. Hair loss is diffuse over the entire head and may occur after any infectious disease accompanied by fever, including such unrelated diseases as erysipelas, pneumonia, typhoid and influenza. In 1918, post-influenza alopecia reached epidemic proportions.

Occasionally, serious hair loss becomes noticeable about 90 days after a surgical operation or childbirth. In all these conditions, normal hair growth is soon re-established. The new hair will not be changed in texture or thickness, except sometimes after typhoid fever.

The important characteristics of this type of hair loss are: it occurs in both sexes and in children; it is temporary; hair thinning is generalized and usually occurs eight to twelve weeks after a specific traumatic experience.

Ordinary baldness has many characteristics that make diagnosis simple. The hairline gradually recedes at the temples, eventually assuming the formation of the letter M. About the same time, the hair thins at the crown, and the thin area progresses forward until it joins the denuded frontal areas. In extreme cases only a fringe of hair is left around the base of the scalp.

In addition to the characteristic pattern, this type of baldness is normally found in men, beginning as early as their twenties or thirties. It is not accompanied or preceded by any recognizable disease. The tend-

ency toward baldness is hereditary, but it will appear only where there is a normal amount of male hormone. Once the loss of hair gets started, it is progressive and permanent, and there is no known way of preventing or retarding the process.

The consensus is that several factors will eventually be proved responsible. These will probably include genetic, hormonal and aging factors.

Scientists are often asked to predict if and when a solution to the problem of baldness will be found. Most are optimistic, although they are harassed by one possibility. In the course of evolution there has been a marked reduction in the amount of hair covering the human body. The loss of scalp hair may be part of the evolutionary trend. If this is true, future centuries will bring not a cure but the appearance of more and more bald men.

Most of us are more concerned with how to tackle the situation as it is today. A complete physical examination to discover any systemic diseases which might cause or increase hair loss is wise. Scalp conditions such as seborrheic dermatitis and excessive dandruff should be controlled.

Physicians often advise regular and gentle scalp massage. Brushing is one form of massage and intermittent tugging at the hair, thus lifting the scalp, is another. These are simply measures for good scalp hygiene.

The physician's greatest task is usually assisting the young man to make an adequate adjustment to this cosmetic disturbance, with which he will have to live for the rest of his life. The very young and

those whose livelihood depends on a youthful appearance may adjust with great difficulty.

Their fears, however, may not always be expressed. Our society is, in general, unrealistically intolerant of the man who seems overly concerned with his appearance. Fear of being placed in this category may make it impossible for a man to discuss the situation openly and frankly. He is therefore denied one of the most effective weapons in helping his adjustment.

However, there are those who do raise their voices in protest against

baldness and its effects. A recent Associated Press report from Darien, Connecticut, stated that the Balded Head Club of America, meeting in that city, had named a committee to investigate fees charged by barbers. Those attending the meeting said barbers should charge by the hair—not by the head.

Those who have treated the victims of hair loss have often observed that it is not the balding man who needs the most attention. Rather, it is his family who insist that something must be done, and are insoluble over failure to find a cure.

Mind Over Matter



DURING WORLD WAR II, Colonel Darryl Zanuck volunteered for a Commando raid on the shores of Occupied France. Asked afterward what he had thought at the moment the firing started, Zanuck replied that what flashed through his mind was: "Here am I, Darryl F. Zanuck, executive vice-president in charge of production at 20th Century-Fox. I have fame, wealth, power, a lovely wife and lovely children for whom, incidentally, I have a French governess. I have a large home and in it a large bedroom with a warm inviting bed where I could be resting comfortably at this very moment—*so what am I doing here?*"

WHEN SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING, the discoverer of penicillin, was asked what he thought when he peered into his microscope and made his great discovery, he confessed: "Frankly, all I did was say to myself, 'My! That's a funny thing.'"

JUDY HOLLIDAY, asked about her thoughts when she has to kiss her leading man, said, "Only one thing keeps running through my head—Germ's."

FOLLOWING THE FIRST ATOMIC explosion in New Mexico, observers were discussing what had gone through their minds when the Big Flash came. Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer revealed that he had thought of the line, "I have become Death, Destroyer of Worlds."

An even more pessimistic observer admitted, "I thought to myself: 'This is the kind of a flash the last man will see in that last fraction of a second before the world ends.'"

William L. Laurence, the science reporter, said quietly that he thought: "This is the kind of a flash that was seen on that morning when the Lord said, 'Let there be light . . .'"



—LEONARD LYONS

AUDIE MURPHY: The Man Behind the Medals

by RICHARD G. HUBLER

World War II's most decorated soldier has won his way to new laurels

ONE SUMMER AFTERNOON in 1945, an undersized round-faced boy with wavy brown hair and freckles stood stiffly at attention on a Fifth Avenue reviewing stand beside a bemedalled general.

The boy, who wore the bars of an Army first lieutenant, had even more decorations than the general—four rows of battle and theater ribbons, a collection of battle stars like a bronze constellation, plus 24 medals and decorations topped with the Medal of Honor.

"I guess you could say I had more hardware on more ribbons than anyone else in the Army," says Audie Leon Murphy of that day.

(Not long afterward he gave away most of his awards to the children of relatives or passed them out to people who admired them. Recently the Army voluntarily replaced them for the benefit of his own posterity—Terry, a three-year-



1945: awarded Medal of Honor.

old boy; and James, a one-year-old.)

The general turned to Audie. "Where do you plan on going, Murphy, now that the war is over?" he asked under his breath.

Audie held his salute. "Home, General," he said in his flat unemotional drawl. "Is there any other place to go, sir?"

Audie returned to his home state of Texas. He lolled around for awhile, hunting and fishing, out of sight of hero-worshippers—though he took part in a parade or two not



1955: Audie, James, Terry, Pamela.

to be disobliging. Then he restlessly hitchhiked to Hollywood.

He arrived with \$11 in his pocket and no idea of what he could do. He had no thought of acting. He simply wanted to see Hollywood.

Audie took to sleeping in a gymnasium owned by one of his friends—Terry Hunt, a reducing expert—and started a book about what had happened to him during the war, writing in longhand. A gossip columnist's legman helped him whip it into shape for a share of the profits.

While he was working on it in the winter of 1946-47, Audie looked for a job. His situation was grim. He had been hired by one producer for \$150 a week and summarily dropped. And he did not care much for the picture of the war that he

had been writing about in his book.

"At 26, I was young enough to exaggerate everything," he says. "Even though I tried to tell the exact truth, it came out more than lifesize. I guess I *felt* things more in those days."

The book, *To Hell and Back*—a melodramatic title that Audie now wishes he had never put on it—became a best seller and brought him eventually about \$40,000.

Seven years later, Audie found himself a \$2,000-a-week Universal-International film star on location in the mountains of Yakima, Washington, making a picture based on the book. During those years he had steadily worked himself up the movie ladder—from his first inept performance as a juvenile delinquent—to the point where he was considered competent enough to portray himself in his own story.

For Audie, making this personal movie re-cap was like looking through the wrong end of a telescope. It seemed as if it happened far away, long ago—to someone who was not Audie Murphy at all.

He admits that not even the magic of the movies can make him again the soldier he was. "I don't believe as I did in the simple things—like going ahead and to hell with anything else," he says.

He still has strong loyalties, independence and a desire to live his own life in his own fashion; but he has learned to be cynical about politics, economics, about every ism except patriotism. For America made him, shaped him, gave him his chance to stand up.

Audie never hated anyone he fought: he believes the Germans were good soldiers and had a lot of

guts. If they killed his friends, he killed theirs. It was something neither of them could help.

"I never wanted to make a film of my book," he says solemnly. "I had had offers before—from three big studios. It was five or six years later that I sold it for \$25,000 plus 10 per cent of the profits."

He is not sure what changed his mind. He thinks frankly it might partly have been the money; he has always been afraid of putting his own family through the kind of "sharecropper scrimping" that marked his boyhood.

AUDIE LEON MURPHY was born June 20, 1925, on a 60-acre cotton farm about 55 miles from Dallas, Texas, where his father, Emmett, and his mother, Josephine, were lucky to earn \$600 a year sharecropping. The Murphys had 11 children, two dying before they were four.

Each of the surviving nine had to help out—and Audie's share was shooting rabbits and possums for the table. He became a dead shot.

His father deserted the family, his mother died in 1941, and Audie went to work at \$14 a week on a farm, in a grocery store, at a filling station. The family fell apart, some marrying and some hiring out, the last three going to the county orphanage.

Audie enlisted in the Army at Greenville, Texas, in 1942. Nine months later his company went overseas to Casablanca. They hit the beach in the July, 1943, landing at Sicily, fought doggedly through the island, on to Italy, "up the boot" and into the Anzio beach-head. From there they got to Rome

for a week and detoured to take part in the landings in South France. They crossed it in the teeth of desperate Nazi resistance—during which Audie won his Medal of Honor—and ended up in Austria.

Audie and a supply sergeant were the only ones left of the original 235 men in the company. A few had been transferred, the rest killed or invalidated out. Audie had won his lieutenant's bars and been wounded three times.

A sniper who got him through the hip—giving him a semi-disabled rating today, plus \$86 a month pension—also killed his best



1950: in "The Red Badge of Courage."



1955: Murphy recreates the action, and relives the terrible anguish, of his friend. Audie paid that debt back personally before he went to the rear, a delay that made his own wound gangrenous.

These were the highlights of the story that the Army asked him to sell to Hollywood and star in. "I wanted to do the Army a favor because I owed it so much," says Audie. "I have to admit I love the damned Army. It was father, mother, brother to me for years. It made me somebody, gave me self-respect."

Audie, who has a fierce modesty, wanted to be sure he was not lionized on the screen. So before he sold his book to U-I, he made specific conditions.

The picture had to be authentic. It was not to be the story of himself but of his unit—Company B, 15th Infantry Regiment, Third Division. There was to be no mention of Audie as a Medal of Honor winner.

The studio wanted to show a vignette of every one of the two dozen actions in which he received medals. Audie got them cut down to three and sliced out all mention of medals except as a "decoration."

His own feeling today is that he never personally won them. Once, in a rare burst of sentimentality, he said: "I feel as if they handed their decorations to me and said: 'Here, Murph, hold these!'"

Audie fought with the director and producer of the picture nearly every day of the seven weeks it was shooting. There were some incredible scenes he wanted out or changed—and he had his way most of the time.

One concerned an Indian and a Pole in Company B. The Pole was not even an American citizen. He and the Indian were close friends, tough as a pair of boots, and two of the best soldiers Audie ever saw.



combat days during the filming of his story, "To Hell and Back."

The Pole was killed because of a portable stove he carried on his belt. It was always getting hung up on bushes or fences when he ran for cover. It got hung up once too often.

Someone found the stove after they buried him. He came in yelling: "Look, we can have hot coffee!"

The Indian grabbed it and went outside. Audie followed him. The big Indian was weeping as he buried the stove.

In the movie Audie was asked to say: "Okay, chief, go ahead, get it out of your system."

"You don't say that," Audie insisted. "You shut up and get out."

Audie thinks his movie might be poor for civilians but good for soldiers—because it shows an outfit in combat. "Out of combat," he says, "the American soldier is one of the laziest on earth. Once he has

to go, he's the best. But with the kid-glove way of training that is the rule today, I don't know.

"On location in Yakima, I used to hear captains ask a private to 'please' carry out an order.

"Please? A bullet can buzz a couple hundred yards in the time it takes to be polite!"

In spite of the fact that Audie is officially credited with killing 240 of the enemy, it would be wrong to tab him as a killer. He is resentful of any such designation.

He says that the only time he got "killing-mad" was when the sharpshooter killed his buddy. "That was a personal score to settle. I only went off the rail that once."

Audie's postwar career shows the truth of what he claims. Though he used to be immensely fond of hunting, he is becoming more of a camera bug. He cannot bear to shoot deer. He is fond of horses

and wants to retire to a ranch to breed them. His prime passion is children. "These are the critters worth living for," he says.

While his experiences in motion pictures have deepened his cynicism and given an edge to his humor, Audie's tolerance of people has also broadened. Even the scars from his first marriage—to a movie starlet, Wanda Hendrix—have worn off. Incompatible from the start, it lasted a year and a half and ended in divorce. A few years later he married an airline hostess named Pamela Archer.

"I call her Little Squaw," Audie smiles. "She's part Indian and may-

be I'm kind of off the reservation, too."

Audie still holds rank in the Army Reserve and is taking para-trooper training because, as he says: "If it comes to where we have to fight, air power is our big bet."

Whether his past career will be as affecting on the screen as it was to him in real life, Audie does not know. Nor does he really care very much. His favorite quote on movie critics under such circumstances is the way a buddy put it just before he went into his last action:

"Come on! They can kill me but they can't eat me!"

MURPHY'S CITATION FOR THE MEDAL OF HONOR

Place and Date: Near Holtzwihr, France, 26 Jan. 1945. *Citation:* Second Lieutenant Murphy commanded Company B, which was attacked by six tanks and waves of infantry. Lieutenant Murphy ordered his men to withdraw to prepared positions in a woods, while he remained forward at his command post and continued to give fire directions to the artillery by telephone. Behind him, to his right, one of our tank destroyers received a direct hit and began to burn. Its crew withdrew to the woods. Lieutenant Murphy continued to direct artillery fire which killed large numbers of the advancing enemy infantry.

With the enemy tanks abreast of his position, Lieutenant Murphy climbed on the burning tank destroyer, which was in danger of blowing up at any moment, and employed its .50 caliber machine gun against the enemy. He was alone and exposed to German fire from three sides, but his deadly fire killed dozens of Germans and caused

their infantry attack to waver. The enemy tanks, losing infantry support, began to fall back. For an hour, the Germans tried every available weapon to eliminate Lieutenant Murphy, but he continued to hold his position and wiped out a squad which was trying to creep up unnoticed on his right flank. Germans reached as close as ten yards, only to be mowed down by his fire.

He received a leg wound, but ignored it and continued the single-handed fight until his ammunition was exhausted. He then made his way to his company, refused medical attention, and organized the company in a counterattack which forced the Germans to withdraw. His directing of artillery fire wiped out many of the enemy; he killed or wounded about 50.

Lieutenant Murphy's indomitable courage and his refusal to give an inch of ground saved his company from possible destruction, and enabled it to hold the woods which had been the enemy's objective.

An enterprising man is providing glamour for young girls who want to play, and feel, grownup



Big Business for Little Ladies



by BETTY LAND

ASK ANY ESTABLISHED businessman for his success formula, and chances are he'll say it's a combination of luck and hard work. But Arnold Perlman, president of Helene Pessl, Inc., is probably the only one who added a little girl to the list of ingredients—a little girl and a big idea.

One July evening in 1943, Perlman, a partner in a small Manhattan cosmetics firm, was on his way home after a discouraging day. He had spent hours pondering over his ledger, but everything seemed to add up to one conclusion: competition in women's cosmetics was just too big for a small firm. He knew something had to be done—but what?

Suddenly the sound of excited laughter interrupted his thoughts, and he noticed a group of children on a lawn across the street. Then a screen door opened and an irate mother flew down the steps toward a six-year-old in the group.

"Susie! Come inside the house

this minute and wash your face!"

Little Susie turned sheepishly in her borrowed high-heeled shoes, threw a final lipsticked grin to her audience, and went obediently up the steps.

As Perlman continued on his way, the image of the little girl playing "grownup" kept revolving in his mind. And then, suddenly, he had his big idea.

Children love to imitate adults, but in following this natural inclination, many a well-meaning child was rewarded with a spanking for wasting Mother's good cosmetics. Yet, actually, there was nothing wrong with it. Little girls should learn to understand the use of toiletries and the value of good grooming.

"Why not," he thought, "produce a group of children's toiletries designed to integrate grooming and play habits—to please Mother and Susie at the same time?"

The products would have to be grooming aids, not beauty aids—

toiletries, as distinct from cosmetics. He would glamorize the things that children should use, helping them to feel grownup while they learned the importance of cleanliness and neatness.

Perlman called on some young mothers in the neighborhood and found them enthusiastic about his plans. From one, an elementary-school teacher, he learned that modern educators recommend instruction in the proper use of grooming aids as part of the regular school curriculum. But if he were to satisfy children, Perlman knew he would have to find out more about their own tastes and interests.

When his first samples were ready, he distributed them among neighborhood homes. Keeping check on youngsters' inclinations, he noted the colors, scents and textures that attracted them. A few months later, when he, the children and their parents were satisfied, he put the toiletries into production.

The first item was a pink lip pomade, colorless when applied but packaged in a lipstick case just like Mother's. Next came a scented bath powder and toilet water. Six other

items, all in bright pink and blue packages, were added before Perlman felt sufficiently established to begin calling on department store buyers with Little Lady Toiletries. Before long, orders were pouring in from all over the country.

Today a \$300,000 factory in New Rochelle, a suburb of New York, is producing a full line of the grooming aids that Perlman first envisioned 12 years ago—items ranging from a blue plastic "bathtub" holding a bottle of bubble bath, to a pink manicure tray complete with emery boards, nail polish, and hand lotion.

A few years ago Perlman introduced Little Lady's big sister, the Little Lady Deb line for pre-teenagers who, like their younger sisters, can now enjoy using powders and toilet waters designed expressly for them.

With the number of American girls between the ages of 3 and 15 now totalling more than 19,000,000, the Pessl plant is working at capacity to meet the growing demand for children's toiletries. The game of "grownup" has come of age. "Susie" is now a little lady.

NOODLE ANNOYERS

Times of Their Lives

A UNIVERSITY's mathematics dean suggests the following problem: Diophantus passed one-sixth of his life in childhood, one-twelfth in youth and one-seventh as a bachelor. Five years after he was married, a son was born who died four years before his father, at half the age at which his father died. What was the age of the father when he died?

MARY is 24 years old. She is twice as old as Ann was when she was as old as Ann is now. How old is Ann? This puzzler, reportedly started in the *New York Press* back in 1903, touched off nationwide debate and remained the country's No. 1 puzzle for years. (Answers on page 104.)

—CHRIS ADAMS, *Poor Cubie's Almanac* (Doubleday & Co. Inc.)

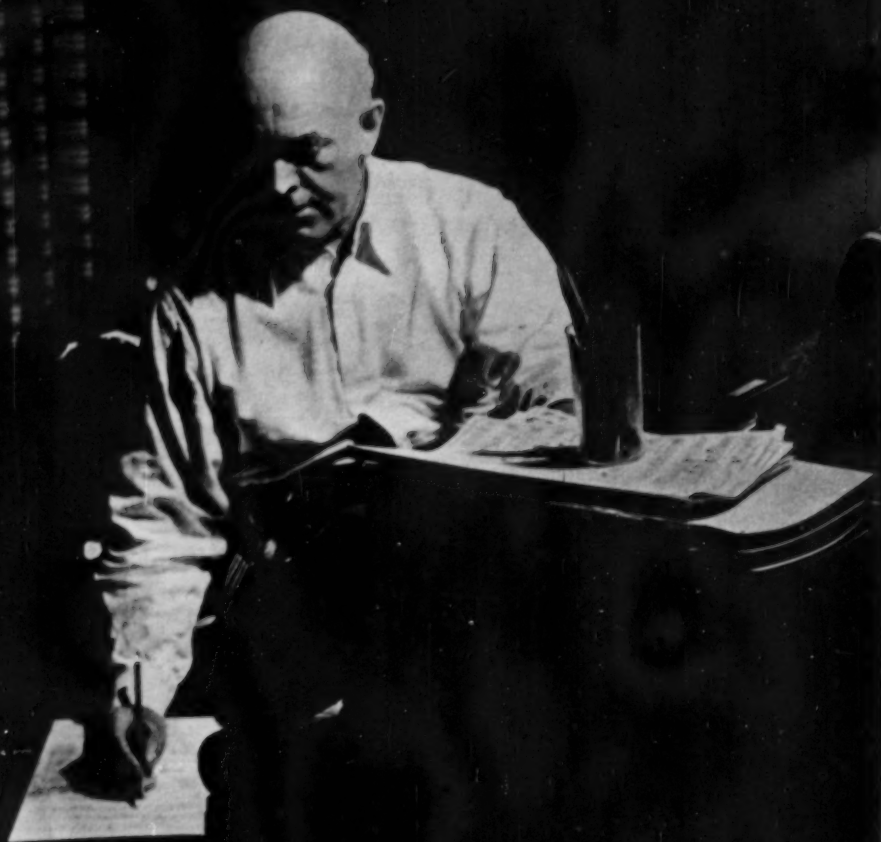


Tops in Tunesmiths

by Jackie Gleason

BESIDES WORKING as a comedian, I take pride in being a songwriter and an orchestra conductor. Recording some of America's favorites, the "standards" which grow in popularity from year to year, has given me infinite pleasure, for these songs have something universal to say to everyone. Here are some of the men who know best the secret of writing this uniquely American brand of music—its popular songs.





IN 32 YEARS of composing, Jimmy McHugh has written for 17 shows and 57 movies, turning out some 500 song hits. He likes to tell most of the song in the title: *I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby*; *Don't Blame Me*; *I'm in the Mood for Love*. His songs are real musical revue type songs, marked by a nostalgic, plaintive quality which stirs the listener's emotions. McHugh has linked his music with the lyrics of Johnny Mercer, Frank Loesser, Dorothy Fields and, more recently, Harold Adamson. As Irish as the Blarney Stone, Jimmy came from Boston to conquer New York and now works untiringly for Beverly Hills civic activities—and for himself. He is his own best press agent, recently toured the country with a nightclub act of five luscious showgirls who sang McHugh songs. Almost bone-bald and constantly changing his glasses (he must own a dozen pair), he relaxes by swimming. Jimmy can turn a casual phrase into a song faster than you can say *On the Sunny Side of the Street* or any other McHugh title.

McHugh, tall and tan, loves California.



A MASTER LYRICIST, Cole Porter makes his audience feel suave and sophisticated just listening to his ingenious words. His melodies, always smooth, match them—*Night and Day*, *Begin the Beguine*, the score for *Kiss Me, Kate*. This year his music sparks a Broadway show (*Silk Stockings*) and a Bing Crosby movie (*Anything Goes*). Porter has never been seen without white socks—except with formal attire—or a carnation in his lapel. His working habits are just as precise: he writes left-handedly on foolscap, surrounded by dictionaries, thesaurus, pencils and wastebasket. He began composing as an Indiana farm boy of 10, served a stretch in the Foreign Legion, and underwent 33 agonizing operations after a riding accident. A perpetual traveler, Porter is as much at home in Paris as in the Waldorf Towers, picking up lyric ideas for his catchy songs wherever he happens to be.

Porter (here with Jennifer Jones) is a fascinated first-nighter at his openings.









When he is on tour, the Duke sometimes goes days without sleep.

THERE SHOULD BE a better word than music—tapestries, perhaps, a blending of vivid colors—to describe what Edward Kennedy (“Duke”) Ellington writes. His musical moods induce a hypnotic effect in the listener, transforming him into the party of the first part. The Duke’s fans follow him around the world to hear him play some of his 2,000 compositions, from *Solitude* and *Take the A Train* to jazz symphonies, one commissioned by Toscanini. He once scribbled a song on an envelope in ten minutes, and whatever he writes is inimitably Ellington.

In 28 years he’s played for many vocalists, including Patti Page.





Harold Arlen confers on *House of Flowers* with Truman Capote and Peter Brook.

IF YOU ASK a singer what he would like to sing, chances are he'll reply, "A Harold Arlen song." Musicians and performers love his music, and no wonder. A look at some of his titles—*Over the Rainbow*, *Stormy Weather*, *That Old Black Magic*, *I've Got the World on a String*—will tell you instantly what those tunes have meant to Judy Garland, Ethel Waters, Billy Daniels and Frank Sinatra. Arlen left his native Buffalo to make his mark in New York as a singer, wrote his first song practically by accident ("The man who played for rehearsals suddenly took sick and I was substituting for him at the piano, when it just happened"). He hasn't stopped since. After 17 years of writing movie music in Hollywood, Arlen has moved back to New York with a hit musical (*House of Flowers*) and plans to devote more time to music for the theatre.





HARRY WARREN is the Tiffany of the moving-picture composers. He can write a tune to fit any situation conceived by a director. His songs paved the road of success for singing and dancing stars like Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Alice Faye, Betty Grable and the late Lee Dixon. Three of them—*Lullaby of Broadway*; *You'll Never Know*; *On the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe*—won him Academy Awards, a record achievement for a composer. Most lyrics were supplied by his partner Al Dubin, who died in 1945. A modest, self-effacing man, Harry Warren is nevertheless proud that two songs have been adopted by the armed services—*Don't Give Up the Ship* by the U.S. Naval Academy and *We're Shoving Right Off* by the Marine Corps. His latest chore: the score for a forthcoming Broadway musical, *Shangri-La*, based on James Hilton's best seller, *Lost Horizon*.



Warren cavorts with his granddaughter.



R&H big hit, *South Pacific*, starred Mary Martin and Ezio Pinza, earned \$5,000,000.

AFTER 35 YEARS in the theatre, Richard Rodgers is still shamelessly stagestruck. First teamed with lyricist Larry Hart (27 shows) and now with Oscar Hammerstein II, Rodgers has set the pace for other theater composers in situation music. It seems difficult for him to write a flop—even his recent mild theater success, *Me and Juliet*, gave America a hit song: *No Other Love*. Rodgers is a fast man with a melody, as Hammerstein once depicted: "I hand him a lyric and get out of his way."

The King and I, with Yul Brynner, ran three years. Right: Hammerstein, Rodgers.







LAST YEAR Congressman Francis E. Dorn proposed giving a Gold Medal to a composer, expressing this country's gratitude for his contributions, which included an anthem called *God Bless America* and a morale-boosting show called *This Is the Army*: "I feel the medal would express, in some small measure, the esteem and affection in which he is held by his fellow countrymen." The songsmith, of course, is Irving Berlin, and he is justifiably proud of this rare tribute. Born in Russia 67 years ago, raised on New York's lower East Side, Berlin is America's idea of an American composer, a combination of George M. Cohan and Stephen Foster. He writes the kind of music that is considered "plain vanilla" by fellow musicians and is as popular as vanilla in the U. S. His best-selling song: *White Christmas*. Berlin's professional insomnia (which, incidentally, gave him a recent hit which goes "*Count Your Blessings instead of sheep*") inspired the now-classic Tin Pan Alley crack: "Berlin looks worried—he must have another hit."

Berlin as performer, *This Is the Army*.





Mack Gordon (right) works out a tricky musical problem with arranger Ray Mace.

STEEPED IN SHOW BUSINESS, Mack Gordon began his career as a boy soprano with a minstrel show; later he graduated to vaudeville as comedian, singer and lyric writer. Teaming with Harry Revel, he wrote Broadway scores which eventually landed them in Hollywood. When they split up in 1940, Gordon worked with Harry Warren and, more recently, Joseph Myrow on movie tunes. His talent for emotions, as big as his round frame, has never been surpassed in lyric writing. This year he toured Army camps in Europe as m. c. of an ASCAP unit, playing and singing some of his best songs—*Love Thy Neighbor*; *Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?* and *Chattanooga Choo Choo*. Like Jimmy McHugh, Gordon calls Beverly Hills home.



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GRIN AND SHARE IT

A TOURIST spending the night in a small Vermont town joined a group of men sitting on the porch of the general store. After several vain attempts to start a conversation, he finally asked, "Is there a law against talking in this town?"

"No law against it," answered one Vermonter, "but there's an understanding that no one's to speak unless he's sure he can improve on silence."

—The California Citrograph

A FAMOUS PSYCHIATRIST conducting a university course in psycho-pathology was asked by a student, "Doctor, you've told us about the abnormal person and his behavior—but what about the normal person?"

"When we find him," replied the psychiatrist, "we cure him."

—MATT WEINSTOCK in *Mirror-News*

SIGHTSEERS touring Southern battlefields in a bus listened stoically to the comments of their driver-guide: "Here, a handful of our Southern boys routed 30,000 Yanks. . . . Here, one fine battalion from Georgia annihilated a corps of Yankee troops. . . . Here, two brave Virginia boys captured an entire regiment of Northerners. . . ."

Finally a woman with an unmistakable New England twang

asked, "Didn't the North win a single victory?"

"No, ma'am," said the guide politely, "and they won't, as long as I'm running this bus." —*Gay Atlanta*



THE HUSBAND was proud of himself after making a grand slam, but his bridge-partner wife had only a dour look for him. "What's the matter?" he demanded. "I made it, didn't I?"

"Yes," she admitted, "but if you'd played it the way you should have, you wouldn't have."

—*Charley Jones' Laugh Book*

A CITY CHILD vacationing in the country had just seen his first rainbow. With wonder and perplexity in his voice, he said to his mother: "It's very beautiful. What's it supposed to advertise?"

—*Capper's Weekly*

A MOTHER, asked if she had yet made the long trip across the country to visit her son and his new wife, replied: "No, I've been waiting until they have their first baby."

"You don't want to spend the money for the trip until then?"

"No," the wise lady explained. "It's just that I have a theory that grandmas are more welcome than mothers-in-law."

—*Wall Street Journal*

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THREE UNIVERSITY PROFESSORS ON a canoe trip came at day's end to their guide's cabin. The unusual position of the stove, which was set on posts about four feet above the cabin floor, drew their attention and they began to speculate as to the reason.

"The guide has found," one suggested, "that the heat radiating from the stove strikes the roof, the circulation is quickened and the room is warmed in less time than if the stove were on the floor."

"No," objected another, "I am sure that the reason is so that green wood can be placed beneath it where it will dry out and hence burn better."

The third professor thought the stove was raised above the window so that cold, pure air could be had at night.

When the guide came in, they asked him to settle the argument.

"Well," he explained, "when I brought that rig up the river I lost some of the stovepipe overboard, and I had to set the stove up high so as to have enough pipe to reach through the roof!"

—HELEN M. DUCKS



ON A RECENT TRIP through New Hampshire, I stopped at a rural grocery to inquire the way to Lake Winnepesaukee. Not knowing just how to pronounce Winnepesaukee, I asked a man standing there, "How do you get to the lake with the big name?"

"Well," he said, "stay on this road 'til you see a sign telling about a lake that has four letters in the name. That ain't it. Keep going 'til you see a sign about another

lake. You should be able to handle that one, so keep right on. Pretty soon you'll see a sign that's out of control. That'll be your lake."

I found it.

—ROBERT S. MANOFF

LITTLE EMILY, aged three, was taken to church services for the first time. When everyone knelt she whispered, "What are they going to do?"

"They're going to say their prayers," explained her mother.

"What?" said Emily in amazement. "With all their clothes on?"

—JOSEPH E. HILL



AN OLD VIRGINIA FARMER had, by hard work and thrifty habits, gotten together a little fortune and decided that the time had at last arrived when he was justified in owning a family vehicle.

His friends urged him to buy a motor car, but he went instead to a carriage builder (there are still such to be found) and described in detail the carriage he wished.

"I suppose you want rubber tires," said the carriage maker.

"No," said the old man in tones of resentment. "My folks ain't that kind. When they're riding, they want to know it."

—Arkansas Baptist

OVER THE BEAUTIFUL EDIFICE ON Pennsylvania Avenue which houses the national archives is carved in great letters: "What is Past is Prologue." A visitor to Washington asked his taxi driver what it meant.

Immediately, the cabbie replied: "It's government talk for 'You ain't seen nothin' yet!'"

—BARBARA BRILL



LOW COST RENTAL



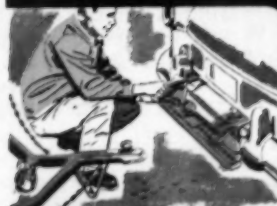
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FRIENDS OF UNCLE PETE were admiring his prize hogs at the county fair. One asked: "How come your hogs are so fat? You always win blue ribbons with them."

"Well," drawled Uncle Pete, "I feed them pigs all they can stuff into 'em. Then a couple of weeks before the fair, I put a half-starved shoat in with them, and when they see that shoat eatin', it rouses the greedy instinct in 'em, and they start eatin' all over again!" —*Rotarian*

MOTHER WAS ILL and couldn't go to church, but small Janice went as usual, being cautioned to remember the text of the sermon. When she returned, Janice remembered proudly that it was: "Don't be scared, you'll get your quilts."

Mother couldn't figure it out until she learned from the minister that his text had been: "Fear not, thy Comforter will come." —*CLARA WILLIS*

THE HORDES OF Americans visiting Paris, and the threat of more to come, has inspired the Communist brush-wielders to paint signs reading "Americans Go Home." An enterprising employe of a capitalistic American venture took quick advantage of the slogan by simply adding the words "Via Pan American."

—*HORACE SUTTON (Saturday Review)*

MY MOTHER never read a psychology book in her life, but here's how she dealt with our fear of thunder. During a storm, she would seat us five children in a circle on the kitchen floor. Then she would distribute her pots and lids to us.

"See if you can make more noise than the thunder," she'd say. "Go

ahead; bang just as hard as you can and scare the thunder away."

How she endured the racket I'll never know, but her method worked. Diverted by our own din, we forgot to be afraid.

—*LILY SANDROF (Rotarian)*

A CUB REPORTER, told to cut his stories to the bare facts, carried out the order precisely. His next story read:

"J. Smith looked up the elevator shaft to see if the car was on its way down. It was. Age 45."

—*MARILYN BARG*

A YOUNG HOUSEWIFE who moved into a Milwaukee suburb last fall signed up at campaign headquarters and went electioneering up and down the block, ringing doorbells, introducing herself and asking neighbors to vote Republican. When one couple she visited said they had already decided to vote Democratic, the young woman confided:

"Truthfully, I don't care how you vote. I just took this job to get acquainted with my new neighbors."

—*Milwaukee Journal*

KNOWING THE EFFECTIVE APPEAL of the words "For Men Only," an enterprising merchant in Ventura, California, used the sign over a peephole to get the women attracted toward his display. —*ANN SCHAYNE*

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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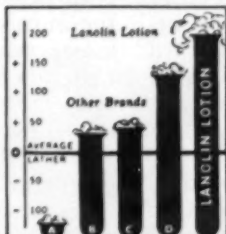
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The Master of Arlington

by TRIS COFFIN

A proud mansion stands in tribute to a man who, in defeat, inspired a nation

A WHITE-PILLARED MANSION stands proud and alone on a hillcrest facing Washington. This was the home of a great man given to a people in their time of trial—Robert E. Lee.

He was a saint to his soldiers and a Christian who bore defeat with humility. Without him, our land today might be threatened by constant civil war. And Arlington, instead of being a Virginia shrine, might be a fortress.

As it is, the spirit of Lee still lingers in the quiet rooms and across the sloping lawns. A visit to Arlington House enables one to understand the man who wrote in the midst of a tragic war: "What a beautiful world God has given us! What a shame that men endowed with reason and knowledge should mar His gifts!"

The columned mansion, designed with simplicity and purity, is surrounded with yellow jasmine. Ivy climbs a massive oak: a giant cedar shadows the doorway. And just below, on the lawn reaching toward the broad Potomac, are rows of white tombstones which mark the resting place of America's honored dead.

Although Arlington House is so intimately associated with Lee that it is known as the "Lee Mansion," the home was built by his father-in-law, George Washington Parke Custis, foster son of the first Presi-

dent. Custis obtained the services of an English architect who came to Washington for the construction of the Capitol, and Arlington House is an integrated combination of Greek temple and graceful colonial mansion.

Here at Arlington, handsome Lieutenant Lee, not long out of West Point, married Mary Ann Randolph Custis; here, six of his children were born; here, he spent his happiest moments and made his greatest decisions.

For a time, the North tried to wipe out the memory of Lee at Arlington. The vast grounds were converted into a cemetery for the Union dead, which is known today as Arlington National Cemetery, site of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. And yet, 64 years after the Civil War began, the United States authorized restoration of the mansion as a memorial to Lee.

Today, Arlington House is alive with personality. There is none of the musty quality of a museum asleep with its past, none of the haughtiness of a Georgetown mansion. The Lees regarded their home as being in the country, where they could rear their daughters unspoiled by the giddy whirl of Washington or Richmond.

In the rear yard, the sturdy brick slave quarters, far superior to the cabins of many Southern white settlers, reflect Lee's own thoughts:

"In this enlightened age, there are few who will not acknowledge that slavery as an institution is a moral and political evil."

Within Arlington House, there is a feeling that the host has momentarily excused himself and invited you to make yourself at home. A chessboard with men laid out beckons the guest to a game of matching wits. Upstairs, well-worn toys lie on the playroom floor. In the state dining room hangs a crystal chandelier with places for 36 candles. But these are placed alone like a single fire at night, not crowded in with a profusion of extravagant decorations.

In almost every room there is one item to stir the memory. In Lee's study is a prophetic painting, the British surrender to Washington at Yorktown. Perhaps that familiar scene came back to Lee at Appomattox, when he said in despair: "There is nothing left but to go to General Grant, and I would rather die a thousand deaths!"

THE DECISION whose inexorable end came at Appomattox was made by Lee at Arlington in those hours after midnight when a man's thoughts become as real as human touch. The date was April 20, 1861.

Lee had been recalled to Washington by his admirer and patron, General Winfield Scott, and arrived at Arlington on March 1. During this month, events moved quickly and relentlessly. The Confederate States set up their Secession capital at Montgomery. Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President. Fort Sumter was besieged and surrendered to the Confederacy. Lincoln sent out a call for an army of volunteers.

During these days when the shadow of civil war darkened, a conflict grew in Lee's mind. He was a soldier and the son of a great soldier. He believed in his country. George Washington was his hero. He regarded the institution of slavery as the curse of the South.

Yet, deep in the stream of his life was a love for Virginia that defied words or logic. It was a current stronger than all else. And in the spring of 1861, staring into the face of a terrible dilemma, he put his thoughts in letters: "As far as I can judge by the papers, we are between a state of anarchy and civil war. May God avert both of these evils from us!"

"As an American citizen, I take great pride in my country, her prosperity and institutions, and would



defend any State if her rights were invaded. But I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation."

On April 17, the tyrant hand of fate touched his shoulders. That day, General Scott sent a message to Arlington, enclosing a note from a close friend of Lincoln's, inviting the Virginia Colonel to a meeting in the famous Blair House across the street from the White House.

Lee was privately regarded by the President as first choice for leadership of the Federal Army. He looked the part of nobility; he had a keen, searching mind, an intuitive sense that seemed almost to read other men's minds; troops followed him unflinchingly. When Lee received the letters, he knew they were the summons to leadership.

ON THE MORNING of April 18, he stood alone on the portico of Arlington House. This moment contained all he loved—the beauty of spring, the serenity of a happy home, a soul at peace with his God. But he was a soldier, and a good soldier must steel his mind for any fate.

It was in this mood that he met the President's friend at Blair House, and was offered command of the Federal Army being organized to defend Washington. Lee's clear eyes were sober, his voice was gentle when he refused. He said with strong feeling that he firmly opposed secession, but that he could

not lead an invasion of the South.

Next morning, on a business errand in Alexandria, Lee read the news he dreaded. Virginia had seceded! He turned homeward, his heart burdened with apprehension.

By the time he reached Arlington House, it was filled with anxious neighbors and friends. Some cursed the Union, others shook their heads with concern.

Lee patiently listened to all. Through the day, the crowds and clamor upset the usual peace of Arlington.

Late in the day, Lee escaped into the yard to be alone. He stared long at the City of Washington, below and beyond the Potomac. The lights were bright in the State-War-Navy Building, next to the White House on Pennsylvania Avenue. Even at that moment, Lee knew, his superiors were planning to guard Washington by an attack on Virginia. That would be his choice, too, if he were shaping strategy.

When Lee finally returned to the house, he was as dignified as ever, but gave no hint of his decision. Slowly he walked up the wooden stairs in the rear of Arlington House, and soon his measured footsteps were heard by his friends below.

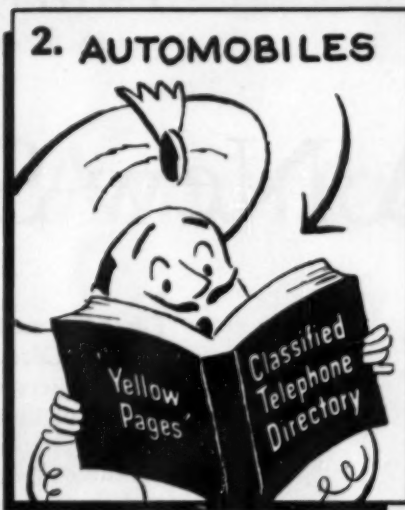
Lee was in his bedroom, so simple a room as to be austere—a fireplace, a four-poster bed, chests of drawers and a mirror.

Some time after midnight, the troubled pacing stopped. Lee knelt in prayer, then arose and wrote two letters—one to the Secretary of War resigning his commission, the other to General Scott advising him that:

"I would have presented it (my resignation) at once, but for the



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struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted all the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed . . . Save in defense of my native State, I never again desire to draw my sword."

His anxious wife met Lee at the foot of the stairway. He spoke to her in the composed tone of one who has thrown off a great burden: "Well, Mary, the question is settled." A few days later, he accepted the command of Virginia's troops.

Often in the next four years the peace of Arlington House must have called to him, for Lee loved life and hated destruction. After Gettysburg, he wrote in passionate despair: "The loss of our gallant officers and men causes me to weep tears of blood and to wish that I never could hear the sound of a gun again."

And in 1865, when surrender was forced upon him by the needless slaughter of his troops, his General Order of April 10 stated: "... feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen."

Many of his officers wanted to

continue the struggle underground and organize guerrilla bands. But Lee answered sternly: "No, that will not do! We have fought this fight as long as, and as well as, we know how. We have been defeated. For us, as a Christian people, there is now but one course to pursue. These men must go home and plant a crop, and we must proceed to build up our country on a new basis."

In his own heart there must have been pain, for Arlington House was taken as a prize of war, its rooms and gardens plundered. And yet today, there is union beyond the power of anyone to cleave it, and Arlington, restored as the home of Lee, is in a sense a memorial to that cause.

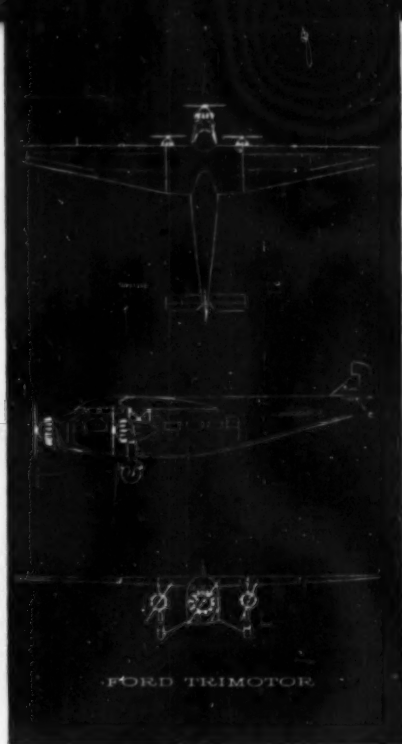
The silence of these peaceful acres is broken only by the sound of shots fired into the air and the brave call of "Taps," floating up from Arlington Cemetery. On these days, memory recalls the sad, thoughtful Lee as he stood on the heights at Fredericksburg, reviewing the bright pageantry of battle. There before him advanced the Union lines of blue-clad troops, the sun shining on their muskets, regimental flags flying boldly, the bands playing stirring music. It was then that Lee said: "It is well that war is so terrible, or we should grow too fond of it."

Times of Their Lives

(Answers to Noodle Annoyers on page 72)

THE FATHER died at 84. The son died at 42, when the father was 80. Diophantus' life: childhood, 14 years; youth, 7 years; bachelorhood, 12 years; married at 33; son was born when father was 38.

ANN is 18. When Mary was 18 (six years ago) Ann was 12, or half of Mary's present age of 24.



TIN GOOSE OF THE AIRWAYS

by DAVID A. WEISS

*The famous Ford trimotors of a
quarter-century ago are still flying*

LAST SUMMER a man vacationing on Lake Erie was waiting at the Port Clinton, Ohio, airport for his plane to Put-in-Bay. Suddenly he jumped up in amazement. "It can't be—" he exclaimed as he watched the plane come in for a landing. "It can't be a Tin Goose!"

But it was—a big old Ford trimotor transport with corrugated aluminum sides. Affectionately called a "Tin Goose," this was the plane most Americans took their first flight in, that Lindbergh inaugurated transcontinental service with in 1929, that flew Byrd over the South Pole. And here was one, more than a quarter-century later, still flying regularly.

Incredible as it seems, this ancient trimotor, one of two operated

by Island Air Service, a scheduled airline, has counterparts all over the world. For, of the 196 manufactured by Henry Ford from 1925 to 1933, more than 30 are still being flown commercially today.

Most are on pay routes in Central and South America where they bring chicle out of the jungle and fly back Diesel oil and mining machinery. Several, equipped with skis, are in service in the Arctic; two are used to spray crops in Idaho and Montana; and six others carry parachuting fire-fighters for the U. S. Forestry Service.

The work these old trimotors do would tax most modern planes. At Put-in-Bay, for example, they are the islanders' only year-round contact with the mainland nine miles

away. They make 26 scheduled flights every day in the year.

Last winter, chief pilot Harold Hauck received an urgent call long after service had shut down for the night. A woman had started labor and had to be gotten to the Port Clinton hospital immediately.

Hauck ran to the hangar, warmed up the trimotor's engines and taxied out onto the pint-sized landing field. A car drove up with the woman, they bundled her into the cabin and the trimotor roared away over Lake Erie's freezing waters. The woman made it to the hospital just in time.

"Greatest plane in the world," Hauck says. "Whoever designed it sure knew his business."

That "whoever" happens to be William B. Stout, an engineer whose designing credits also include the world's first high-speed, streamlined Pullman car and those theater seats that push back when you stand up.

In 1923, when most planes were put together with wood, glue and baling wire, Stout got the revolutionary idea that what aviation needed was an all-metal plane. It would be safer, he argued, also cheaper to operate, more durable, and better to handle large cargoes.

Stout formed a company to build an all-metal plane—forerunner of the Tin Goose—and how he financed it has become one of the classics of American success stories. He simply mailed out 100 letters to prominent Detroit businessmen, offering them a series of weekly educational letters explaining the

fundamentals of aviation. Sixty-five replied, asking for the series. Stout visited these air-minded men, described the plane he hoped to build and said: "We want from you \$1,000, no more, no less. You will get in return one promise—you'll never see your money again!"

In a short time, Stout accumulated 128 names at \$1,000 apiece.

In 1925, Stout sold out his company to Henry Ford who built a factory and airport near River Rouge. Stout became Vice President and General Manager of this new division of Ford.


On a balmy afternoon in 1926, when the first shiny Tin Goose

was unveiled at Detroit, the assembled dignitaries saw the most revolutionary plane of its day—the first modern transport. Among other things, combined for the first time on one plane were such developments as enclosed pilot cabins, brakes, heaters, full cantilever wings, and doughnut tires.

None of this had been accomplished without a struggle. "They never had heaters in planes before, so why put them in now?" snapped the cocky Ford official who blue-pencilled them out of Stout's original requisitions—until he went up for a flight.

As they were winging over Lake Erie, Stout told the pilot, "Take her up as high as you can," then put on a sheepskin-lined jacket and waited.

At 10,000 feet the recalcitrant official, shivering with cold, changed his mind—and soon heat-



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In September Coronet.

ers were standard equipment on Ford as well as all commercial planes.

The Army's chief objection was the location of the pilot's cabin up front. Granted, it gave the pilots better visibility, they said, but cockpits should still be farther back in the tail where pilots had a better chance in case of a crack-up.

Came a widely publicized Army flight from Detroit to Seattle and the squadron's lone trimotor entry was given the Cinderella assignment of following the other planes and bringing up repair parts if needed. Over Montana the squadron ran into a snowstorm. The pilots in the planes with cockpits in the back couldn't see and had to be grounded. But the Tin Goose arrived in Seattle three days ahead of other planes.

The greatest controversy about Ford trimotors raged over their all-metal construction. It took Knute Rockne's tragic death in a Fokker plywood passenger plane near Bazaar, Kansas, in 1931, to convince the public that plywood planes were dangerous.

If anyone needed proof that all-metal transports were safer, Ford could produce the records of its own private airline. Operating from Detroit and carrying Ford passengers and freight only, this airline, until its discontinuation in 1928, was America's largest in terms of tonnage carried. And, using trimotors exclusively, it had never had an accident. (Indeed, there never has been a trimotor accident due to a structural deficiency.)

United, Eastern, Pan-American and most U. S. airlines bought trimotors to open up new routes with.

Few planes had radios then; there was no instrument flying, few landing fields.

In the summer of 1929, Admiral Richard E. Byrd sailed from San Pedro, California, to Antarctica. He took four planes to Little America, but the one he chose for his flight to the South Pole was the *Floyd Bennett*, a Ford trimotor equipped with skis and extra-powerful engines.

ON THANKSGIVING DAY, after many attempts had been delayed by bad weather, Byrd got the go-ahead signal from his advance geological unit. Pushing the Tin Goose onto the ice with the help of a 60-dog sled team, he and his three-man crew stowed aboard equipment and supplies, warmed up its motors and took off for the dangerous 1,135-mile nonstop trip.

Some 10,000 feet over the barren frozen terrain, where Scott and Amundsen had trudged so tortuously on foot years before, the plane approached The Hump, a rock-strewn pass through mountains of ice and snow. The *Floyd Bennett* strained valiantly, but was unable to pick up altitude.

"We've got to lighten the ship," pilot Bernt Balchen shouted.

Byrd ordered: "Throw out 125 pounds of food!"

But this was not enough. More food—250 pounds, a month's supply for four men—had to be jettisoned. Lightened, the ship gained altitude, cleared The Hump, and shortly after midnight, man had flown over the South Pole for the first time.

The *Floyd Bennett* was eventually shipped back to Dearborn to be installed in the Henry Ford Mu-

seum, and soon afterward Ford announced that trimotor production would cease in January, 1933. Already, in the U. S., the Tin Goose was being superseded by speedier Boeings and Douglasses; but in Central and South America they roared on more lustily than ever.

"Nothing yet can beat them for getting payloads in and out of the jungle," explains Lowell Yerex, founder of Transportes Aereos Centro-Americanos, S. A., one of the world's largest carriers of air freight. "They don't need the big landing fields that faster planes do."

In February, 1942, in another jungle thousands of miles away from South America, a topographic battalion scanned the skies desperately. Caught in the Japanese offensive on Bataan, they were waiting for the plane promised days before to evacuate them and their valuable topographic plates.

Suddenly the noisy roar of a plane was heard overhead. An old Army Tin Goose landed nearby.

"The ship's overloaded!" the copilot yelled after the plates had been piled in.

The pilot laughed. "Jump aboard. This old trimotor's been overloaded every trip so far."

Back to Corregidor's tiny landing field the ancient plane flew; and then she took off again for Bataan, performing valiantly until destroyed on the ground by an enemy barrage.

Such achievements apparently have not been lost on the aviation industry.

For from Detroit last year came a startling announcement—from Stout, the trimotor's original designer: "We're going to build trimotors again. A group of California businessmen are financing it and, using the original Ford blueprints, we intend to make 100 planes selling for under \$100,000 each. No changes will be made in the original design except to take into account today's engines which are smaller and more powerful."

The first new Tin Goose should be completed within the year. It's a pretty fine tribute to a plane first manufactured 30 years ago and still good enough to be produced again in fundamentally the same design.



Wise Guy

ONE AFTERNOON while baseball's colorful Frankie Frisch was piloting the Pittsburgh Pirates, he was the victim of a loud-voiced heckler who kept shouting instructions as to how the game should be played. When it was over, Frankie went up to the man and politely asked his name and business address.

Flattered, the heckler told him, then asked why he wanted the information.

"Because," Frankie replied pleasantly, "I'm gonna be at your office bright and early tomorrow morning to tell you how to run *your* business."

—JAMES KELLER, *Just for Today* (Doubleday & Co., Inc.)

THE ACCUSING BRAND

by ROSS PHARES



OLD-TIME TEXAS COWMEN gave their imaginations—and ingenuity—free rein when it came to designing cattle brands. The famed 6666 brand is supposed to stand for the four sixes with which the original owner won, in a poker game, the money to buy his ranch. And there was the LIL brand especially designed for a beautiful girl named Lily Plunkett that the cowboys were crazy about.

But probably the most fantastic of all came into being during a roundup in the Big Bend country in 1890. Only one animal bore it.

The roundup was in full swing, with cowhands from the different outfits cutting their calves out of the main herd, roping them and dragging them to their fires for branding. Cows milled about bawling for their calves, horses reared at the sudden smell of seared hide and burning hair, and tempers were short.

Among the mavericks was a brindle yearling some of the boys said they had seen earlier that year following a cow belonging to a rancher named Poe. Poe was called and cut the motherless youngster out of the herd. As he started with it toward his own bunch, Fine Gililand, top hand with a big outfit, rode over and claimed the animal.

Gililand cut it away from Poe, and the two men chased the frightened calf back and forth between their bunches, each trying to rope it. Finally Poe decided to end the matter by shooting the maverick.

He drew his six-gun, fired and missed. Gililand whirled at the sound, snapped out his own weapon and shot the rancher dead.

Seeing what he had done, the cowhand fled. A few weeks later he was killed in a gunfight with Texas Rangers.

After Poe's death, nobody at the roundup wanted to put his brand on the yearling. So they held a conference and designed a brand calculated to stop forever all arguments as to the maverick's ownership.

The animal became a legend. Nobody wanted him; even the other cattle seemed to shun him as if he were a cursed thing, for he wandered the range alone.

In later years he became wild and elusive, and only occasional glimpses were caught of him, usually at dusk. Those who saw him reported he had turned gray, all except the accusing brand which spelled out across his side in dull red letters: MURDER.

*The towering statue in New York's harbor
is priceless in more ways than one*

LADY OF LIBERTY

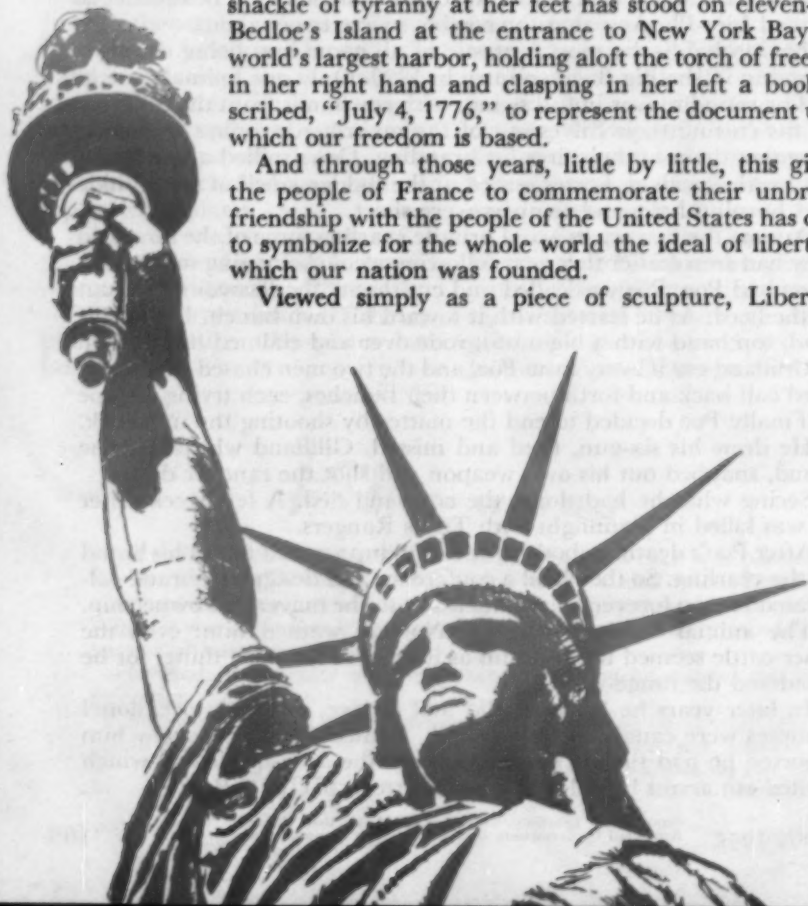
by ALBERTA WILLIAMS

THE FAME of the Statue of Liberty is virtually limitless, its influence impossible to estimate. Certainly this colossal sculpture is the most symbolic structure in the United States.

For 68 years, this goddess of liberty with the broken shackle of tyranny at her feet has stood on eleven-acre Bedloe's Island at the entrance to New York Bay, the world's largest harbor, holding aloft the torch of freedom in her right hand and clasping in her left a book inscribed, "July 4, 1776," to represent the document upon which our freedom is based.

And through those years, little by little, this gift of the people of France to commemorate their unbroken friendship with the people of the United States has come to symbolize for the whole world the ideal of liberty on which our nation was founded.

Viewed simply as a piece of sculpture, Liberty is



dramatically unique. She is, as far as is known, the largest statue ever to have been created by man.

Liberty towers 46 feet higher than the famed Colossus of Rhodes. Her arm, which could easily reach across most city streets, measures just three feet less than the total height of Rockefeller Center's bronze figure of Atlas, one of this country's largest single-figure sculptures.

Her 151 feet from base to torch dwarfs such masterpieces as Michelangelo's 18-foot *David* in Florence, Ulric Ellerhusen's *Pioneer* standing atop the beautiful Capitol in Salem, Oregon, or the 22-foot bronze figure symbolizing the soul of the American soldier that Donald De Lue, noted American sculptor, has been commissioned to do for the St. Laurent Cemetery, Normandy Beachhead in France.

The granite-over-concrete pedestal upon which Liberty stands, one of the heaviest pieces of masonry ever built, is 154 feet high. Thus, the total structure of the Statue of Liberty rises 305 feet.

When you stand at the base of Liberty's pedestal and let your gaze travel upward to her torch, you are looking about as far, and feeling about as Lilliputian, as you do in St. Louis when you stand on the sidewalk and stare straight up the 30 stories to the roof of the Park Plaza Hotel. Only 41 cities in America have skyscrapers as tall as Liberty.

But one gets the keenest feeling for Liberty's magnificent proportions from contemplating one of her *smallest* measurements—that of her index fingernail, which is 13 by 10 inches. Her index finger itself is

eight feet long, almost two feet longer than the bed in which you sleep.

Liberty is the work of Frédéric Bartholdi, the Alsatian sculptor to whom the statue brought lasting fame. Ten of the best years of his life—his entire forties—were devoted to work on Liberty.

In choosing the material from which to fashion the figure, Bartholdi had to select one that could withstand the strong salt sea winds that day and night sweep over Bedloe's Island. Moreover, the material had to be light in weight, because of Liberty's tremendous proportions.

Bartholdi's Liberty is a copper shell over an intricate and incredibly strong steel framework, designed by Gustave Eiffel, the French engineer who designed and built the Eiffel Tower in Paris. Bartholdi's original study model of the statue was four feet high.

Five times, this was cast and recast and successively enlarged until the sculptor obtained a figure 36 feet high. This was divided into 214 sections and each section enlarged to the measurements of the finished colossal statue. Then carpenters made wooden molds of each section of the figure and French workmen hand-hammered over these frames the 300 copper sheets from which Liberty is fashioned.

The copper, now covered with a lovely green patina, the result of oxidation, was painstakingly hammered out to a thickness of only 3/32 of an inch, just 1/32 of an inch thicker than an American cent. Even so, 200,000 pounds of copper were used in the statue, enough copper for more than 100 stacks of

pennies, each as tall as the Empire State Building.

But when you consider the weight of Liberty's copper you are thinking of less than half her total weight, for 250,000 pounds of steel are in her framework. This brings the sculpture's total weight up to 450,000 pounds.

Trans-Atlantic voyagers do not see Liberty herself until their ship enters New York Harbor. But the light of her torch, equivalent to 2,500 times the effect of full moonlight, can be seen 15 miles out at sea. It is lighted by thirteen 1,000-watt incandescent lamps, three 250-watt incandescent lamps and six 400-watt mercury vapor lamps.

Last year, 797,412 people took the boat from Battery Park, at Manhattan's lower tip, and made the 15-minute trip to Bedloe's Island to visit Liberty. On a beautiful summer Sunday, the great lady often has as many as 7,000 callers.

Visitors are admitted to every part of the statue except the torch. Inside Liberty's head 40 people can

stand, twice as many as are allowed to crowd into the spacious modern passenger elevators of most large department stores and skyscrapers.

In 1937, the whole of Bedloe's Island became the Statue of Liberty National Monument. Maintenance cost is \$90,000 annually, but very little of the money is used on the statue itself. Liberty was so well designed and constructed, and the engineering problems of its erection so expertly solved, that few major repairs have ever been necessary. No important ones have been required since 1937.

The Statue of Liberty cost its French givers \$250,000. Americans raised the \$350,000 for the pedestal. Sculptors say it is fantastic even to attempt to calculate what such a figure and pedestal would come to today—certainly their estimates would have to be made in terms of millions.

But, then, in every way the Statue of Liberty constantly increases in value. For she has become a symbol now, beyond price.



The Valor of the Humble

WE ARE INCLINED to associate valor with great people; but there are humble heroes and heroines about us all the time.

I remember that one day an old Negro appeared at my remote plantation, coming literally out of nowhere. I did not know him. But it was evident that he had fallen upon evil days. His clothes were in tatters, and plainly he was very hungry—if not actually starving.

"Would you rather have clothes or food?" I asked him.

I never should have done so, for I really meant to help him in both ways. But he looked down, deeply considering my question and evidently regarding the decision he had to make as a momentous one.

"Please, sir," he said at last, "give me the clothes. No one can tell how hungry I am, but everybody can see how ragged I am."

—ARCHIBALD BUTLER

He Puts You in Business

by NORMAN SKLAREWITZ

The amazing Mr. Maranz not only finds you a spot, builds, equips and supplies a store—he also finances the enterprise

A QUIET, 55-year-old Chicagoan has worked a special kind of economic magic which turns farmers, mailmen, cab drivers and even high school students into successful businessmen.

Thanks to him, more than 1,000 men and women who began with no knowledge of buying or selling, accounting, or any of the complexities of modern store keeping, will earn more than \$30,000,000 this year from their own businesses.

Their roll call is the roll call of everyday America—of people who never dreamed they could be “on their own” and make a success of it. Among them are a 71-year-old woman, a teen-age girl and two schoolteachers (who operate their stores during summer vacation)—not to mention housewives, nurses and a church congregation.

The man behind all this is Leo S. Maranz, president of Tastee-Freez, fastest growing chain of soft ice-cream stores in the nation. His organization puts people in business, sells them equipment at cost,

and even loans them the money needed to open. And the 1,300 stores now in operation are proof of his conviction that the small, family-run business is still a vital part of the American economy.

Both store owners and customers seem to like it. Early this year, a few hours after a blizzard swept over Anchorage, Alaska, for instance, a strange procession appeared on Ash Street. A bulldozer at its head cleared a lane through eight-foot drifts for a long line of automobiles.

The procession turned into a driveway and stopped before a new glass and brick building half-buried in the snow. There, Grant Christensen and his pretty wife proudly served brimming portions of the frozen dessert to parka-clad customers.

The event was the grand opening of the first Maranz store in Alaska.

Today, you can order his soft ice cream not only in Alaska, but in North Africa, Italy, Japan and half a dozen South American countries,

as well as all the 48 states. Top Pentagon officials on their way to Far Eastern conferences line up with grinning natives at the Guam Island store to buy cones from an ex-GI and his wife.

What makes Maranz' organization unique is not its size but its method of operation. The parent company does not control a single store. For that matter it doesn't even own a freezer.

The entire job of establishing, financing and directing the constantly-growing chain is carried on for a royalty of 10c per gallon on the mix which is frozen and dispensed as cones, malts, shakes, sundaes and take-home packs.

When he started out four years ago, Maranz startled the business world by announcing that he would give—not sell—franchises to dealers handling his product. What's more, he promised to put prospective store owners into business by advancing them the necessary cash, and to sell them his patented freezer, heart of the entire operation, at cost.

"Ridiculous!" friends warned. "It's like selling new cars at cost so people will buy at your gas station. Besides, it takes experience to run a business. You can't expect just *anyone* to be successful."

Maranz didn't agree. He wasn't a businessman either; he was a mechanical engineer with a background in refrigeration equipment design who, a few years before, had

produced the first fully automatic freezer in the then-infant soft ice-cream industry.

The machine was fed a mix containing the same ingredients as conventional ice cream but in proportions containing less butterfat and more non-fat milk solids. The mix was then frozen colder than hard ice cream but served at a higher temperature. Thus it could be drawn from a spout instead of being scooped from a can.

Maranz called his new dessert Tastee-Freez and planned to distribute it through locally-owned drive-ins. To find out if this was practical, he visited small towns and farms, as well as cities, and talked to people about going into business for themselves.

Everywhere he found men and women excited over the prospect. Only one thing held them back: money. It costs about \$30,000 to build, equip and operate the average drive-in. Few, if any, of those interested had that kind of money.

Maranz returned to Chicago and thought over what he had learned. If a man and his wife were willing to work 12 hours a day and back his product, he decided he could match their confidence with capital.

In March, 1951, the first store operated by a local person put into business by Maranz opened in St. Louis, Missouri. The name was unfamiliar, but gradually, passing motorists, teen-agers and families out for a ride began stopping.



Other stores opened across the country as the frozen dessert caught on until more than 100 were in business by the end of the year.

Each was established the same way. The franchise holder, a local representative carefully selected by the company, would meet with the prospective owner and outline the plan. He would find a site and negotiate with the property owner to construct the building. Maranz would then fully equip the store. A down payment of \$2,750 or \$3,000 was sufficient; Maranz would advance the rest.

At the end of that first season, most owners had averaged from \$5,000 to \$10,000 profit—proof of what average Americans could do given the opportunity.

Almost 90 per cent of the stores were—and are—owned by couples or even whole families who make up in enthusiasm what they may lack in know-how. In a typical Iowa town, the owner's wife opens at 11 A.M., and serves customers until her two teen-age children take over after school. Dad comes in after work in the evening.

Hard work? Of course. But, as the family says, "We put in a full day for seven months or so. Then we're free—and financially able—to travel or loaf or do whatever we want. By next year, Dad will be able to quit his factory job and concentrate on the store."

Most owners prospered right from the start. Some, however, ran into trouble. Sales were good yet profits were low, particularly where the new owners were unfamiliar with consumer buying habits and differences in price and quality. The price of a single can of fruit topping

can vary from \$1 to \$6, for instance, and buying the wrong kind might mean the difference between realizing a profit and taking a loss.

So Maranz organized a cooperative-type mass purchase of everything from nuts and napkins to highway signs. Today, owners have no worry about prices and quality.

THIS WAS THE LAST serious block to expansion. By the end of 1952, there were 420 stores in operation; this year the number rose to 1,300; and by 1958, Maranz looks forward to having 3,000.

Not long ago he was asked to describe a typical store owner.

"There is no such thing," he smiled.

The manager of the store on Highway 14 near Barrington, Illinois, he pointed out, is 16-year-old Jeanne Kaphengst. Her parents have a garage next door but she's in full charge. While in Olean, New York, "Aunt" Ida Thiele, 71, runs a store.

Two West Coast firemen who work alternate shifts pooled their resources and opened one with their wives. Each couple works every other day. A former banker, George Sampson, and his wife Isabelle, a nurse, operate a store in Menomonie, Wisconsin, with their two boys.

In Carrier Mills, Illinois, the Reverend Cal Ryan wanted a reliable, dignified source of backing for the Friends of Latin-America Mission. The result: his church became the first group to own a soft ice-cream store.

Again and again, inexperienced men and women proved themselves capable of producing amazing results, not only as store owners but

as holders of franchises who select new store locations, help train prospective owners and work with them in sales, merchandising and advertising. For this a franchise holder earns a 20c royalty on each gallon of mix purchased in his territory.

After four years of operation, Maranz has just about convinced his former critics that he can make a successful businessman out of "just anyone." Not one of his stores has failed.

His secret, Maranz says, is first to combine professional experience with the enthusiasm and effort of sincere, interested men and women, regardless of their background. Then anticipate every possible situation that the new owner might face, and be ready for it.

Not long ago, the franchise holder

proudly turned the keys over to an excited but slightly nervous new owner on opening night. Everything had been taken care of.

"We haven't forgotten a thing," he said reassuringly.

The owner looked over the gleaming tile and sparkling, stainless steel machines, the customers already lining up at his windows, then stepped to the switch box. Ceremoniously, he pulled handles, and the parking lot was bathed in floodlight.

In his eagerness, he had overloaded the circuits and suddenly the lights winked out. The owner was terrified.

With a gesture of complete satisfaction, the franchise holder smiled and pointed to a box under the counter. There the owner found a flashlight and six spare fuses.

FROM CHARLES LAUGHTON...

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Human Comedy



DURING A RECENT VISIT to the Pentagon, a gentleman saw a demonstration of just how security-conscious our Defense Department has become. His business was with an Army chaplain, in whose office two filing cabinets sat side by side. They were marked "Sacred" and "Top Sacred."

—CASKIE STINNETT in *Speaking of Holiday*

HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE and his six-year-old grandson were watching a movie in which the Italian hero was kissing the heroine's hand, wrist, elbow, shoulder, neck and ear. "Look, look!" exclaimed the youngster, grabbing his grandfather's arm, "he doesn't know where to kiss her!" —EARL WILSON

ADYED-IN-THE-WOOL Confederate was taking in the sights of Washington, D. C., when he was approached by a young schoolteacher. "Pardon me," she said as she nodded toward the building housing the U. S. agency that still pays benefits to dependents of Civil War veterans, "can you tell me what that is?"

"I shorely can, ma'am," the Southerner replied. "That's a monument to Southern marksmanship."

—ANN SCHAYNE

DRIVING ALONG a rutty road in rural Kentucky, a tourist came to a fork where stood a signpost. One arrow read: "Chipmunk, 4

miles." The other sign read: "Chipmunk, 2 miles."

He figured one must be a better but longer road, the other shorter but rougher. To make sure, he called to a long, lean native sitting in the shadow of the signpost: "Say, Mister, which is the better road to Chipmunk?"

The Kentuckian shifted his cud of tobacco and drawled: "Hain't no better road. Take one, and you'll wish you'd took t'other."

—Charley Joust's *Laugh Book*

IN CLEVELAND, two dachshunds whose owner was away at work all day apparently began to feel lonely. In protest, since they had no other way of expressing their feelings, they became their own grievance committee and howled all day, each day.

When neighbors complained, the owner solved the problem by "calling up" the dogs from time to time on the telephone. While there was of course no answer, the occasional sound of the bell seemingly reassured the animals that they were not being at all overlooked, and so they were quiet for the day.

—Long Lines

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

Crack scientific GI detectives solve military crimes

The Army's Top Cops

by TOM DAVIS



ABOUT AN HOUR before reveille at a large Eastern Army post, a Military Police car drew up before the Post Exchange and a young MP climbed out to make a routine security check of the darkened premises.

Leaving his partner behind the wheel, he disappeared around a corner of the building. A few moments later, he came rushing back to report: "One of the back windows is smashed! The screen's been cut! Radio the desk right away!"

His partner grabbed the radio telephone on the car's dashboard, called the Military Police sergeant's desk, and within seconds the office of Maj. Max C. Vogt, Jr., veteran Provost Marshal, had put into action one of the Army's crack Military Police Criminal Investigation units. These men—soldiers first, military policemen second, and investigators by specialization—are among the finest detectives in the world.

The Post Exchange officer, among the first to be called, promptly arrived and it was discovered his office safe had been cracked and looted of \$50,000 in cash receipts covering a three-day holiday period. With this, the MPCU men went to work.

Checking revealed that entry had been made by cutting the heavy

wire screen, then jimmying and pushing up the window. Two clues were uncovered at this stage: marks which the tool used to cut the screening had left on the prongs of wire, and cloth fibers which clung to the screening where the burglar's clothing had snagged on the sharp edges.

Screening and cloth fibers immediately were sent to the FBI laboratory for analysis. In this instance, an FBI laboratory was used because it was the closest to the post; normally, it would have been an MPCCI lab.

Here it was determined that the fibers had come from a type of clothing issued to soldiers. A photographic blow-up showed in clear details the markings left on the screen by the cutting tool. With continued use, tools such as wire snippers leave their own distinctive markings, much like a pistol barrel rifling leaves on a bullet.

DESPITE AROUND-THE-CLOCK work, the investigation dragged on until a soldier found some costume jewelry secreted in a ventilator in a supply depot. The stuff, dust-covered but still bearing the stock tags, was brought to the Provost Marshal's office where it was examined.

The PX had been broken into several times in the past and, in one of the burglaries, a quantity of rings and necklaces had been taken. A check of inventory records disclosed that this was some of the loot. Now the MPCCI people thought there might be a tie-in between the old and the new cases and the search shifted to the new area.

It was discovered that workers in this building used tools of a type

that could also be employed to cut heavy screening. Shortly, such a tool was found hidden in a desk drawer and subsequent lab tests showed it was the one which had cut the screening on the PX.

Now 15 men who might have had occasion to use this particular tool came under interrogation. One of them—a married man long in the service—became a strong suspect. He denied any connection with the case, however, nor could investigators find evidence linking him with the burglary and safe-cracking.

A check of the suspect's service record showed that he had been in trouble in the past. It was learned also that he had purchased a new car, made a down payment on a home, and had been spending money freely since the burglary. The MPCCI men knew that these things could not have come out of the suspect's military pay.

Brought to the Provost Marshal's office, he willingly answered questions and agreed to take a lie-detector test. But when the time came he refused flatly to cooperate and clammed up tight on all further attempts to question him.

The MPCCI men knew that while there was overwhelming evidence that they had the right man—all of it was circumstantial. The suspect still continued to deny he knew anything about the case. At this point, they got their big break.

The Military Police, it should be explained, work closely with local police authorities in every area in which they operate. In this case, local police had been brought up to date on the latest development in the PX burglary. As the MPCCI men

were about to take the suspect and their evidence to the U. S. Federal Commissioner's office, a local policeman telephoned that a container holding three pistols and a large sum of money had been recovered from a city dump.

On a hunch, the Provost Marshal told the prisoner that they would make a brief stop on the way to the Commissioner's office. Shrewdly, he did not say where.

When they arrived at police headquarters, the prisoner took one look at the container and, believing he'd finally been trapped, made a complete confession.

He had surmised, he said, that the PX safe would contain a large amount of money taken in over the three-day post holiday and had broken in during the night. The three pistols all belonged to him, although they had no connection with any case. He later was convicted and is now serving a 20-year term in a federal prison.

Contrary to the general belief, the army has no Criminal Investigation Division, and never has had one. The AEF, in World War I, had a Division of Criminal Investigation in Europe. In World War II, the Office of the Provost Marshal General had a staff division for criminal investigation. This division

did not exercise command over the investigators in the field. Investigators were assigned to major commands. Because of the wording on their badges and credentials, they became known as "CID agents" and frequently were organized for operations independent of the Army command structure.

The old set-up now has been replaced by the hard-hitting, streamlined MPCJ groups.

In the words of Major General William H. Maglin, Provost Marshal General of the Army, chief of the M.P. Corps, "The investigator has moved into his rightful place in the Army establishment. He works for his local provost marshal in the same manner as the detective works for the chief of police in his home town, and the provost marshal of any command is the chief of police."

A soldier expressing a desire to become an MP may be assigned to the Provost Marshal General Center at Camp Gordon, near Augusta, Georgia, where he may stay from 16 weeks to 8 months, depending on the extensiveness of his training. MPCJ detachments are assigned to areas with potentially high crime rates, or where the need for strict crime prevention is necessary.

Today's MPCJ man is a highly trained specialist in criminal inves-



tigation who may or may not wear a uniform. If the investigator is working in a military area where the uniform is commonplace, he will wear it. If he is assigned to a case involving civilians or foreign nationals, he wears civilian clothes. He averages 33 years of age and is married.

He is *not* charged with matters concerning spies or enemy agents. He's a career or professional soldier dedicated to fighting crime where it concerns the Army, and his identity is carefully concealed so as to preserve his usefulness to the service.

He works with this admonition constantly before him: "We want no 'Sam Spades' in the organization!" This simply bears out the Military Police slogan: "Of the Troops and for the Troops." Though it also serves to discourage any ideas a man might get about using the organization as a stepping stone to personal publicity.

MEN TAKEN into custody are, for the most part, enlisted men; and it is usually the soldier who is AWOL or who is a deserter who commits the major crimes—murder, rape, criminal or aggravated assault, or some other felony.

Larceny is the big crime, at the moment, in the life of an MPC I man. That is the felony that keeps him busiest. Commanders at large posts where there are supply depots will begin receiving reports of missing items. These are forwarded through channels to the provost marshal and MPC I men will be ordered to make an investigation.

One of the most bizarre cases in MPC I annals came up near the

close of the Korean fighting. This was "The Queen of Pusan Case," so called from a 23-year-old former Korean nurse Lee Yung Ja, known in the Korean underworld as "The Queen of Pusan." Lee was a striking brunette who attracted considerable male attention whenever she appeared in the better cafes.

With most of the off-duty soldiers frequenting these places, it was no job for her to meet a young corporal who worked in one of the big American depots storing clothing highly saleable in clothing-shy Korea. It didn't take the beautiful, brainy and completely unscrupulous Lee long to see possibilities in the friendship of this corporal.

The friendship grew in no time at all and soon she had managed to get him on dope. She herself, MPC I men say, never had the habit.

Floating between Seoul and Pusan, with a gang she had rounded up in the two war-torn cities, Lee began to move into the big-time of Korean vice. With the corporal nicely on the hook, she organized a systematic looting of the clothing depot where the corporal was working as a night checker.

He was in a position to pass loaded trucks through the security guards at the gates without arousing their suspicions, and he saw to it that these trucks contained clothing originally destined for UN troops. On one occasion, a Korean ambulance went through the gates carrying a load of the contraband apparel and, like the trucks, headed straight for one of the "Queen's" hideouts.

This went on for three months, when military authorities suddenly launched a drive against the

"Queen's" flourishing dope racket in Pusan. In one of the MP raids, the corporal was picked up for questioning in an off-limits cafe where he'd been spending money in reckless fashion.

With more than \$86,000 in American money stashed away—a tremendous fortune when converted into Korean cash—the "Queen" decided this would be a good time to clear out of Pusan. None of the money so far had been split up among the gang and when a Korean member got wind of her intentions, he tipped off Korean Army officials. They, in turn, notified the American authorities. The corporal soon got the word and, realizing he'd been duped along with the others, exposed the ring's operations.

MPCI men rounded up the remaining American members of the gang who were later tried, convicted and sentenced to long terms on charges of larceny and conspiracy to defraud the Government.

Lee Yung Ja—described as one of the most beautiful women in Korea—escaped. MPCJ men who worked on the case think she bribed a seaman to smuggle her aboard a ship and get her out of the country. She is believed to be somewhere in

Japan—studying to be a doctor.

The military police corps of today was established in September, 1941. Its insignia is a pair of crossed flintlock pistols.

The actual strength of the Corps is classified information, but it generally runs about two per cent of the total population of the Army. Out of this relatively small number comes the even smaller elite group known as the criminal investigators.

The Military Police Laboratory, staffed with technicians—most of whom are warrant officers with scientific educational backgrounds—backs up the criminal investigators in the field with test tubes, cameras, microscopes, X rays and the latest of scientific equipment.

These crack army detectives—many of whom were commissioned officers during World War II and, after being separated, returned to the service and went into MPCJ work—have solved crimes dealing with larceny, assault, murder, rape, counterfeiting, car thefts, black market operations and even obscene letters. "Our work is really protection," General Maglin says. "We protect soldiers from rackets, from people who prey on them. It's our job to look out for trouble, not look for trouble!"

Odd Questions



HERE IS A QUESTION that can stump even applicants for jobs in the New York Fire Department: "What piece of fire apparatus won't go up a one-way street?" Few answer correctly: "A fireboat." —PATRICIA MARSH

A PROMINENT NEW YORK LAW FIRM asks all job applicants this question: "If you wanted to start a newspaper in the U. S., where would you go to get the license?" A surprising number of prospective lawyers do not know.

The answer: "You don't need a special license to start a newspaper; we have freedom of the press."

—ANNE SCHOTT

Here is a scientific interpretation of ten common dreams and what they reveal about you

What Dreams Mean

by JOHN ELLIOT

SINCE THE DAWN of history, man has tried to understand his dreams. Even to the most primitive people, the strange language of sleep seemed meaningful. But without a key to this mystic code, the interpretation of dreams remained in the realm of magic; and man believed largely that dreams were visits from gods, ghosts and devils, or prophetic utterances that had a supernatural origin.

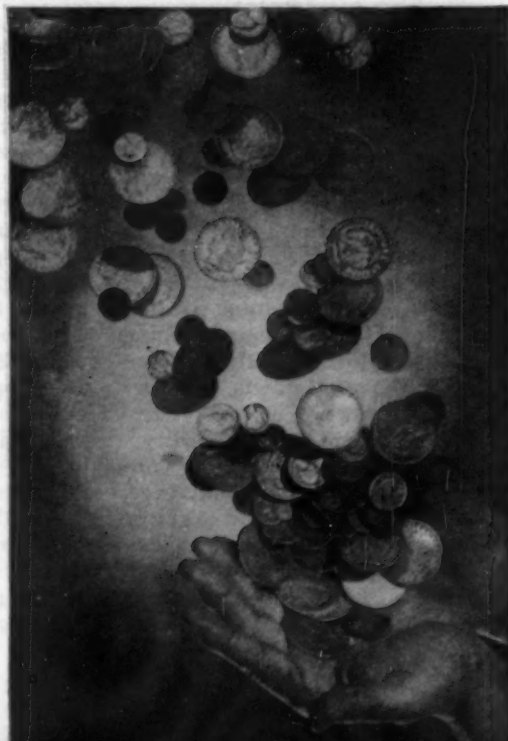
However, in the past 50 years, scientists have at last cracked the code and found that the language of dreams is as concrete and meaningful as the language of waking life. Understanding that dream world can contribute to an understanding of the mechanisms which make each of us tick and to a deeper knowledge of others.

It will surprise many to learn that science can now assign standard meanings to our most common dreams. Here are ten dreams whose meanings are generally agreed on by psychologists, psychiatrists and other recognized experts

in the field of dream interpretation:

1. DREAMS OF FINDING MONEY

Typical dream: I am sitting on the sand all alone. Many people are playing a game farther down the beach, which looks like good fun, but I don't know the people and am too shy to join them. My hand suddenly encounters something under the sand. It is a half-dollar. Suddenly I start scooping up the



sand and I find money everywhere.

What it means: Money signifies love in the language of dreams, and the finding of money thus signifies the finding of love. However, the important thing about such dreams is that they are generally compensations for what is felt as a lack of real love in the dreamer's waking life.

The above was the dream of a woman who had been twice divorced and, despite her often expressed wish to have a happily married life, felt in actuality that she would never gain such riches but would always be excluded, as she was excluded in the dream, from the happy group playing at some distance from her.

2. DREAMS OF NUDITY

Typical dream: I am walking along the street when I look down and discover that I am stark naked. I try to hide behind a lamppost but a group of people suddenly emerge from nowhere and I am surrounded. I hope that they will not notice me.

What it means: This dream has two possible interpretations. The first is that the dreamer is trying to escape back to the blissful experience of infancy, a period characterized by not having to wear clothes. Another meaning is that the dreamer feels he has something shameful to hide. With the defenses of his waking mind down, his guilty secret is "exposed."

3. DREAMS OF FLYING

Typical dream: I am walking with my sweetheart when suddenly I feel that I would like to soar over the field. I spread my arms, then leap into the air. I am not surprised to find that I am gliding easily and can go in any direction I wish. I

determine to use this magnificent power all the time.

What it means: Such dreams express a magical solution to a feeling of powerlessness in life. Flying is an expression of omnipotence which allows us to triumph in fantasy over those difficulties which beset us in reality. The sweetheart of the young man who dreamed this was, in real life, pressuring him to marry her. He didn't feel economically ready to and was not certain that he loved her, but felt duty bound to accede to her demands.

4. DREAMS OF BEING TOO LATE

Typical dream: I am trying to catch a train to get home. My wife has scheduled a party for 7 o'clock. I arrive at the station after the train has pulled out. I try to get a taxi but none of the taximen will listen to me and drive right past. I find a bicycle and start to ride home, but the front wheel breaks.

What it means: This is the dream of a person beset by two wishes, one of which is slightly stronger than the other. The wishes cancel each other out, leading to frustration.

In this case, in real life, the dreamer had foregone an invitation to play poker with some old cronies two nights previously, going home instead as a dutiful husband should. The conflict here was between pleasure and duty—both powerful and opposing drives in this individual. In a very strict sense, the frustration is a way out of his dilemma—he neither stays in the city nor does he arrive at home.

Another dream which has the same meaning is the dream of being rooted to the ground. This, too, means that the dreamer is being tugged at by two alternative wishes

—the desire to stay where he is and indulge in a tempting or forbidden pastime, and the desire to move away from the dangerous wish. In such dreams, waking is usually the solution the dreamer chooses.

5. DREAMS OF BEING TESTED OR EXAMINED

Typical dream: I have to take an examination in mathematics. I don't know my lesson at all. I am sitting in the testing room, appalled by my total inability even to understand the questions.

What it means: The dreamer is usually unprepared and unsuccessful. Often in this type of dream, he is repeating a situation where he had taken and passed an examination in college or high school. The dream usually occurs when facing a life situation about which one is uncertain of the outcome, such as starting a new job.

The dream is an attempt to reassure oneself that one will pass through the new critical period successfully despite one's fears. The dream seems to be saying: "You passed a critical examination before that you were afraid of—never fear, you will pass this one too. It is senseless to be afraid." It is an attempt of the dreamer to rally his courage and to bolster his morale against fear of failure.

6. DREAMS OF DEATH OR INJURY OF A LOVED PERSON

First example: I am walking in a field and see the body of my best

friend. Although he is in reality 35, he looks the way I remember him at 15. I don't feel sad and only think: "What a handsome lad he is."

Second example: I meet a woman near my home and she asks me what time is my brother's funeral. This is my first realization that my brother is dead and when I learn this I am suddenly full of grief.



Dream of exams may indicate fear of failure.

What it means: The first dream is not related to death. It is the expression of a wish to be rejoined with a much loved friend in an earlier and happier time. This dream was the dream of a soldier in World War II who had been transferred from front-line duty to inactive service. His friend was still flying dangerous missions at the time of the dream.

The second dream expresses hid-

den anger. The dead brother in this case had actually inherited the family business from the dreamer's father and was behaving in a very authoritarian manner toward the dreamer, a younger brother. The dreamer was working for his brother and had, the day before, asked him for a raise in salary and been refused.

Such dreams don't necessarily mean that the actual death of the person is wished for—it simply means a desire for the “death” of the unpleasant situation.

7. DREAMS OF FALLING

Typical dream: I am climbing the ladder of a great tower. I climb a long time and then suddenly look down. I am appalled by the great height and a terrific force seems to

pull at me. I lose my grip and fall toward the ground. In the middle of the fall, I awaken in a terrible fright.

What it means: This dream invades the sleep of people who are in a terrible conflict. The conflict very often concerns a temptation which their waking minds have decided to reject. The falling represents a yielding to temptation and can be interpreted as “falling down from the accepted moral standard.” The losing of one's grip on oneself is signified in the dream by the inability of the hands to hold on to the ladder when the dreamer is subjected to the great tug.

The tug in the case of this dream was a sexual temptation. The dreamer was a happily married man,

Common Dream Symbols and Their Meanings

SYMBOL	MEANING
Nurse, queen, old lady, teacher . . .	mother love or female authority
Policeman, doctor, boss	father
Ocean, lake, pond, milk, cows . . .	mother
Building, house	woman
Church, nun, white color	purity
Snake, club, pen, sword, gun, pole	male genitals
Cave, purse, ring, open door, window	female genitals
Ferocious animals	fear of death
Food	happiness, security
Explosions	fear of blushing
Fire, brilliant colors	passionate emotions
Traveling in train or ship	direction of one's life
Climbing	ambition or male potency
Descending	failure or depression
Cutting oneself or teeth falling out	self-destructive impulses
Beautiful flower	romantic love
Money	love
Handcuffs or binding clothes	powerful conscience
Driving a car	sense of adequacy

who had, on the previous day, realized that a beautiful divorcée he knew was falling in love with him.

8. RECURRING DREAMS

Typical dream: Six times in the past half-year I dreamed that I was with a handsome young man who attracted me very much. In each case I tried to embrace him but, as I did, he would turn into a repulsive old man.

What it means: The repetition of the same dream is the restatement of an unsolved problem—and the attempt once more to bring it to a successful conclusion.

In this case, the dreamer was an unmarried woman of 35 who had an overwhelming fear of marriage. She had come from a home which had been happy until her father turned to alcoholism and her mother had a psychotic breakdown. Marriage represented to her a horrid trap—for the prototype of marriage to the adult is generally that of his parents. The transformation of the loved object into an ugly old man was an expression of the woman's earlier feeling that marriage would mean the transposition of love from a beautiful thing to an ugly thing.

9. THE DREAM WITHIN A DREAM

Typical dream: I dreamed that I dreamed that my bride had died. I dreamed I woke up and told my dream to a friend.

What it means: This is really a fascinating problem and one of the trickiest of dream techniques. It means that the dreamer wants to turn reality into a dream.

In this case, a man's newly-married partner had just been informed that she had a severe case of tuberculosis. The dreamer is expressing



his desire for the bad news, from which he fears her death, to be a dream.

10. PROPHETIC DREAMS

Typical dream: I dreamed that my boss came into my office and told me I was getting a raise. He said it was for \$5. (Actually, the following week when I opened my pay envelope, I had a raise of exactly \$5.)

What it means: This type of dream doesn't necessarily mean that dreams can foretell the future. Although many scientists have held that dreams sometimes have a telepathic range, there is as yet no decisive proof that this is so.

The raise in pay in this case was very directly wished for. The dreamer had been doing excellent work, the usual raise in his company

was \$5. The rest was coincidence, as far as is known.

SCIENTISTS HAVE collected thousands upon thousands of dreams and shown that certain symbols have a more or less standard meaning, the same for all of us. The box on page 126 gives some of the most common symbols with their meanings, and may be used as a key to solving a dream that seems impos-

sibly disguised, yet may have a fairly simple explanation.

Yes, our dreams certainly do have meanings, once we are prepared to accept and understand the symbolism in which they are so subtly masked. And science has opened a broad road to understanding these strange, often frightening, sometimes beautiful and always meaningful experiences that come to us when we are asleep.

Conversation Piece



A VERY SUCCESSFUL woman conversationalist has a top-heavy silver-ornamented comb. It is continually falling out of her hair but she refuses to discard it.

"It's my conversation starter," she explains. "You'd be surprised how many interesting talks I've had with ladies and gentlemen who pick it up for me."

—*Rotarian*

CARL SANDBURG, being shown around a movie lot in Hollywood, was presented to the top stars but did not seem impressed. In desperation, the guide led the famous poet to the dressing room of a beautiful show-girl, remarking, "Just think, Mr. Sandburg, this girl is six-foot, two."

Sandburg replied: "Lincoln was six-foot, three and a half."

—*A. M. A. Journal*

HAMLIN GARLAND once found himself seated at a formal dinner in London beside dour Henry M. Stanley, the man who found Livingstone in darkest Africa. Stanley was morosely silent until Garland had an inspiration.

"By the way," he remarked, "I've heard so many pronunciations of the name of that famous African fly; I wonder how *you* pronounce T-S-E-T-S-E?"

Stanley brightened—and they were off to the races.

—*Rotarian*

MARK TWAIN was continually making engagements with his wife and then, for good reasons, not keeping them. In each case he left her a note that said: "Never the twains shall meet."

—*A. M. A. Journal*

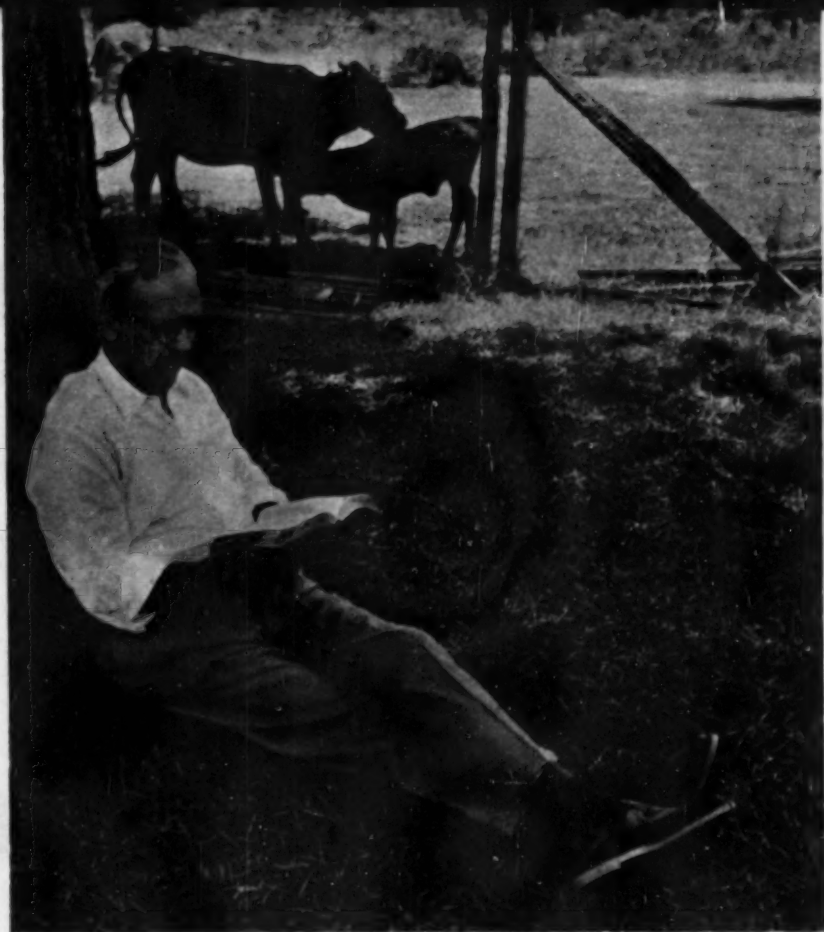
BEFORE GOING TO SLEEP each night, a small child told her Teddy bear all about the day's events. Her mother finally asked, "Does Teddy ever answer when you talk to him?"

"No," said the little girl, "he doesn't exactly answer, because he can't talk. But he *can* listen!"

—*Christian Science Monitor*

UPON RETURNING to Dublin from his first visit to Paris, Eamon de Valera, the former Irish president, was asked to give his impression of French women. "Gentlemen," he replied, "I may safely say that sex in Ireland is in its infancy."

—*A. M. A. Journal*



Country Preacher

Photography by Robert Simmons

Few men have so full, so rewarding—and yet so unspectacular—a life as the country preacher. Farmer, doctor, arbitrator, counselor, father and big brother to his flock, is there any aspect of human relations that he must not know? Here, typical of this unsung company of men of God, is the Rev. J. D. Carroll of Judson Baptist Church, near Walker, Louisiana. His congregation numbers 610 members. In addition to ministering to their spiritual needs, Reverend Carroll is a farmer and dairyman. And like his parishioners, his day is never done.



Though he may deal with the grand concerns of God and men, his, too, are the simple, everyday chores of the man who lives close to the earth. His day begins at dawn with milking of his cows.

His duty is with the living, and the infinite problems that living brings; but there is no less a ministry for those who sleep forever in the modest churchyard, and whose graves he tends.



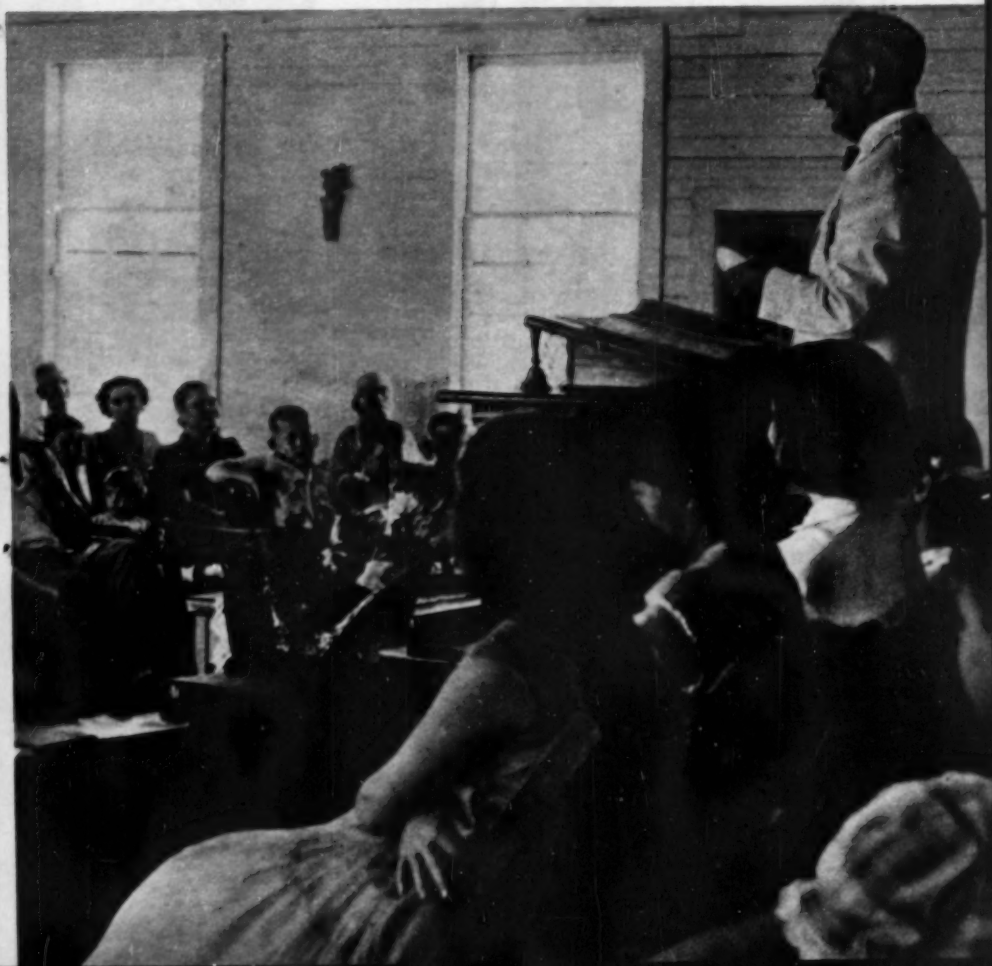


In time of despair, his blessing sustains . . .

And on the Sabbath, his preaching brings a touch of other-worldliness within the unpretentious walls of his church. A preacher must be "soldier and shepherd," said Luther. He must "nourish, defend, teach; he must have teeth in his mouth, and be able to bite and to fight."



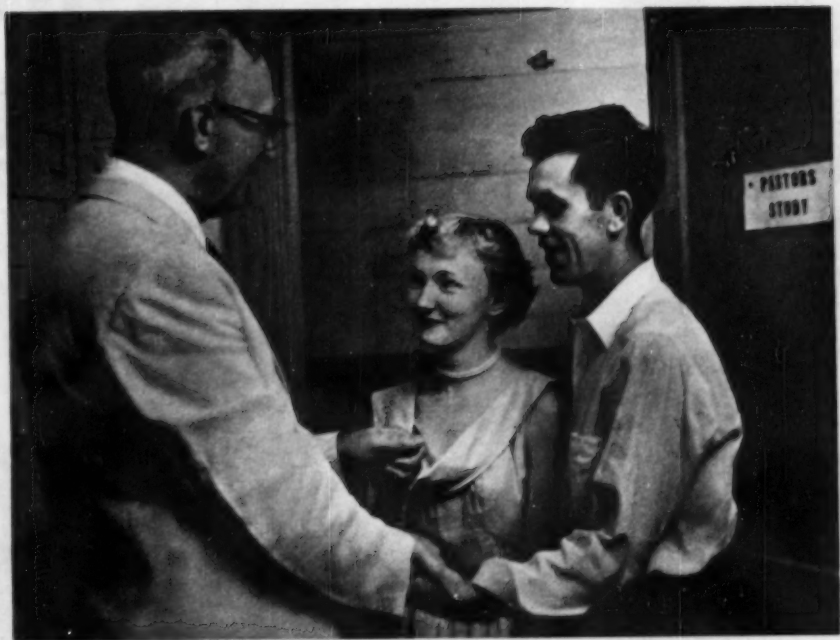
Sometimes he must be as tender
as are only those who know the
slow anguish of the years. . . .





And sometimes Reverend Carroll finds himself both minister and physician, called upon to be friend, confidant, even marriage counselor. He knows his people. He has toiled with them in the fields, he has seen them in happiness and in need. He has presided at their marriages, baptized their children and watched them grow into youth and all the problems that come of growing up.

To them his study is often the Court of Last Resort, and his advice the wisdom of one among themselves.



AUGUST, 1955



In the quiet place that is the chapel, the day's end
comes as a benison. He has wrestled with men's souls,
and with his own. Has he done well? The Lord will know.

Here is a quick and easy way for testing intelligence

YOUR IQ-HIGH OR LOW?

WE ALL WONDER how intelligent we are, and how our intelligence stacks up against the next fellow's. That is why we are so eager to test ourselves on quiz programs and on the innumerable vocabulary tests, puzzles and the like which are presented to us daily.

The following test was designed by one of America's leading psychologists and should give your intelligence with the smallest possible margin of error. The same expert has also compiled the average IQs

of Americans by professions and occupational groups. You will be interested to compare your IQ with his tables to see where you stand.

There are 55 problems in this four-part test. You have 20 minutes to do the test with a pencil: stop working when the time is up. If you hit a snag on a single problem, do not use a disproportionate amount of time for it: go on to the next problem. You may, if time permits, return to the puzzling problem later on. (Answers on page 140.)

Part I

INSTRUCTIONS: A series of simple arithmetic problems follows. Do them as rapidly as you can. Circle the letter preceding the correct answer.

1. How many pencils can you buy for 75¢ at the rate of 2 for 5¢?

a. 10 b. 20 c. 30 d. 35

2. A salesman sold 80 sweaters in five days. The first day he sold 18 sweaters, the second day 12 sweaters, the third day 20 sweaters, the fourth day 16 sweaters. How many sweaters did he sell the last day?

a. 11 b. 12 c. 18 d. 14

3. If $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of ribbon cost 21 cents, what will $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards cost?

a. 32¢ b. 33¢ c. \$3.30 d. 50¢

4. A jeweler bought some diamond

rings for \$800. He sold them for \$1000 making \$40 on each ring.

How many rings were there?

a. 10 b. 5 c. 3 d. 6

5. A ship has supplies to last her crew of 500 men 6 months. How many months would it last for 1,000 men?

a. 8 mos. b. 3 mos. c. 4 mos. d. 6 mos.

6. If a car goes 100 yards in 10 seconds, how many feet does it go in one-fifth second?

a. 6 ft. b. 9 ft. c. 12 ft. d. 2 ft.

7. Every time Johnny drops a quar-

ter in his bank his mother drops in 3 quarters. If Johnny has \$48 in his bank, how much of it did he alone save?

a. \$16 b. \$18 c. \$12 d. \$36

8. A grocer buys an equal number of jars of two kinds of jam. He sells $\frac{5}{6}$ of one kind and $\frac{7}{8}$ of the other. What fraction of the total number of jars is unsold?

a. $\frac{1}{7}$ b. $\frac{7}{48}$ c. $\frac{2}{7}$ d. $\frac{1}{4}$ e. $\frac{13}{40}$

9. A tractor goes 5 miles per hour in low gear and 10 miles per hour in high gear. How long will it take to

travel a stretch of road 50 miles long if it goes $\frac{2}{5}$ of the way in low gear?

a. 4 b. 7 c. 9 d. 12

10. We have a three-piece toy train consisting of an engine, passenger car and caboose. The engine is 3 inches long; the caboose is as long as the engine plus $\frac{1}{2}$ of the length of the passenger car; the passenger is as long as the engine and caboose together. How many inches long is the train?

a. 5 b. 16 c. 20 d. 24

Part II

INSTRUCTIONS: In each row below, the words in Column 1 are somehow related to the words in Column 2. The words in Column 3 have the same relationship with one of the words in Column 4. Circle the letter before that word which properly establishes this relationship.

1	2	3	4				
1. Go	—come	buy	— a. money	b. sell	c. return	d. books	
2. Sky	—blue	grass	— a. big	b. green	c. pretty	d. cold	
3. Shoe	—foot	hat	— a. nose	b. head	c. shirt	d. coat	
4. Boat	—water	ski	— a. winter	b. sport	c. snow	d. fun	
5. Dec.	—Jan.	last	— a. Jan.	b. Mon.	c. first	d. month	
6. State	—governor	army	— a. marines	b. soldier	c. general	d. corporal	
7. Leg	—knee	arm	— a. thigh	b. elbow	c. shoulder	d. ankle	
8. Body	—food	engine	— a. wheels	b. smoke	c. fuel	d. move	
9. Palace	—king	kennel	— a. man	b. dog	c. chair	d. prince	
10. Bird	—nest	man	— a. fly	b. home	c. sleep	d. live	
11. Hope	—despair	happiness	— a. joy	b. sadness	c. fun	d. pleasure	
12. Dismal	—cheerful	dark	— a. moon	b. night	c. bright	d. sad	
13. Winter	—summer	cold	— a. freeze	b. warm	c. damp	d. January	
14. Bench	—wood	axe	— a. cutting	b. chair	c. steel	d. hatchet	
15. Begin	—establish	end	— a. slavery	b. wrong	c. start	d. abolish	
16. Wheat	—grainery	books	— a. desk	b. library	c. paper	d. teacher	
17. Cold	—ice	heat	— a. lightning	b. warm	c. coat	d. steam	
18. Moon	—earth	earth	— a. ground	b. Mars	c. heaven	d. sun	
19. Throne	—queen	chain	— a. bonds	b. slave	c. link	d. medicine	
20. History	—authority	fiction	— a. perception	b. novel	c. imagination	d. news	

Part III

INSTRUCTIONS: In each line below, find the rule by which Fig. 1 is changed to make Fig. 2. Applying this rule to Fig. 3, select the resulting figure from the four choices at the right. Circle the letter with the correct choice.

	1	2	3	
1.				(a) (b) (c) (d)
2.				(a) (b) (c) (d)
3.				(a) (b) (c) (d)
4.				(a) (b) (c) (d)
5.				(a) (b) (c) (d)
6.				(a) (b) (c) (d)
7.				(a) (b) (c) (d)
8.				(a) (b) (c) (d)
9.				(a) (b) (c) (d)
10.				(a) (b) (c) (d)

Part IV

INSTRUCTIONS: The numbers in each series below proceed according to some rule. For each series you are to find the *next number*, circling the letter preceding that answer.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---|
| 1. 9 9 8 8 7 7 | a) 6; b) 7; c) 8; d) 9. |
| 2. 10 15 20 25 30 35 | a) 30; b) 35; c) 40; d) 45. |
| 3. 8 11 14 17 20 23 | a) 20; b) 18; c) 26; d) 22. |
| 4. 10 8 11 9 12 10 | a) 13; b) 12; c) 11; d) 10. |
| 5. 1 7 2 7 3 7 | a) 4; b) 5; c) 6; d) 7. |
| 6. 1 4 1 6 1 8 | a) 10; b) 8; c) 4; d) 1. |
| 7. 6 9 11 14 16 19 | a) 19; b) 20; c) 21; d) 22. |
| 8. 16 17 19 20 22 23 | a) 18; b) 20; c) 24; d) 25. |
| 9. 12 16 13 17 14 18 | a) 15; b) 19; c) 18; d) 17. |
| 10. 3 5 8 10 11 13 | a) 14; b) 15; c) 16; d) 17. |
| 11. 20 17 15 14 11 9 | a) 8; b) 21; c) 14; d) 7. |
| 12. 81 27 9 3 1 $\frac{1}{3}$ | a) $\frac{1}{3}$; b) $\frac{1}{6}$; c) 0; d) 3. |
| 13. 16 17 15 18 14 19 | a) 20; b) 11; c) 12; d) 13. |
| 14. 1 4 9 16 25 36 | a) 28; b) 38; c) 49; d) 52. |
| 15. 29 28 26 23 19 14 | a) 11; b) 8; c) 15; d) 22. |

ANSWERS

INSTRUCTIONS: Compare your answers with these correct answers, counting the number you have right. Then determine your IQ from the Scoring Chart and compare it with the Profession and Occupational Groups tables.

Part I: 1 c; 2 d; 3 b; 4 b; 5 b; 6 a; 7 c; 8 b; 9 b; 10 d.

Part II: 1 b; 2 b; 3 b; 4 c; 5 c; 6 c; 7 b; 8 c; 9 b; 10 b; 11 b; 12 c; 13 b; 14 c; 15 d; 16 b; 17 d; 18 d; 19 b; 20 c.

Part III: 1 c; 2 c; 3 d; 4 d; 5 c; 6 b; 7 a; 8 a; 9 d; 10 c.

Part IV: 1 a; 2 c; 3 c; 4 a; 5 a; 6 d; 7 c; 8 d; 9 a; 10 c; 11 a; 12 b; 13 d; 14 c; 15 b.

SCORING CHART

Number Right _____

Test Score	Equivalent IQ	Verbal Description
51—55	140—above	Very superior
45—50	120—139	Superior
30—44	110—119	High average
20—29	90—109	Average
below 20	80—89	Low average

AVERAGE IQ BY PROFESSION

Profession	Average IQ
Doctor, lawyer, accountant, engineer	125—130
Dentist, teacher, draftsman, stenographer	120—125
Radio repairman, salesman	115—119
Manager, retail store; tool-maker	110—114
Sales clerk	105—109
Butcher, plumber, carpenter, auto mechanic	100—104
Truck driver	95—99
Farmhand, miner	90—94
Teamster	85—89

AVERAGE IQ OF OCCUPATIONAL GROUPS

Occupational Level	Average IQ
Professional	115
Managerial	108
Clerical	104
Skilled	99
Semi-skilled	97

The Darkest Fairway

by BUD GREENSPAN

HE WAS a Detroit businessman. He was 57 years old and a lot of people felt sorry for him.

He was a victim of arthritis and the doctors said he couldn't play golf. He would have to walk too much and the pain would be too intense. He told them he'd play.

He acquired a coach and learned to play. He had natural talent and his swing was in the groove. Within 20 feet of the cup he was supreme.

They were right about the pain. It was excruciating and there was many a day when he wanted to quit. But he had a goal.

One day his coach told him he was ready to play in the Championship Tournament. They said he couldn't win. He smiled as he mailed his entry blank.

The scene was the beautiful Wachusett Country Club near Boston. He was unheard of and alone. He stood to one side while the golfers teed off. The tournament committee had asked him to tour the course alone, since there was an uneven number of contestants.

They smiled when he teed off. But they stopped smiling after they added up the scores at the end of the first 18 holes. His was the best.

There were 18 holes still to be played. He was tired and sick, but he would try to keep going.

He walked to the tee and took his swing. Now he was not alone.



They teamed him with the champion, and a full gallery followed their every move.

When would he quit? When would the pain be too much? He walked from shot to shot, then rested. He sat on a portable chair too tired to be nervous, too pained to be excited.

Hole by hole went by and occasionally he faltered. Time was running out. The 17th hole was almost his last. After he holed out, he knew he must stand. He would never leave the chair if he sat down again.

He was still ahead as the 18th hole got underway. The gallery was with him. He was winning his fight. The champion teed off and slowly he followed. He matched the champion's shot, then followed with a better one. He was on the green and the crowd was going wild. He holed the ten-footer and the sound was music to his ears. He smiled. He had won. He was champion.

The crowd applauded. He was proud. The photographers took their pictures and the flash bulbs didn't bother him. Fred Shields held his trophy in front of him for all to read: UNITED STATES BLIND GOLF CHAMPION FOR 1954.

Three famous experts tell parents and other adults . . .

HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH CHILDREN

How to Talk to Children

by ART LINKLETTER, *Master of Ceremonies of the CBS-TV show, "House Party"*

"H AVE YOU WRITTEN a letter to Santa Claus yet?" I asked an eight-year-old boy on my "House Party" television show one day last winter.

He brought his face close to mine. "I'd better whisper in your ear," he said, "because I don't want to spoil things for a lot of other kids."

This was a perfectly natural, spontaneous response from a child who had something to say. He was talking straight from the shoulder because I had won his confidence. He was giving an intelligent answer because he understood the question.

Had I pompously cleared my throat, patted the boy on the head and said: "Now, my little man, I assume you believe in Santa Claus. Have you been in correspondence with jolly old St. Nick?" I am sure he would have given me a vastly different—and completely phony—answer.

In talking to youngsters, it is wise to remember these points:

Speak from a child's level. Do not condescend. Children have an unerring instinct for knowing when they are being patronized. They go immediately on the defensive against head-patting adults who treat them like strange beings.

Personally, I talk to boys on a man-to-man basis; to girls as if each were an utterly charming woman I'd like to know better. Once kids feel that you are not talking down to them, they will open up and talk freely with you.

Remember, children are literal-minded. They accept every statement you make or every question you ask at its face value. One doesn't use high-flown figures of speech in chatting with children. They assume you mean exactly what you say.

A little girl of six recently told me she had just begun to go to Sunday school.

"Did you learn anything the first day?" I asked her.

"Oh yes," she answered quickly, "I learned where the bathroom is."

I had to admit this was a perfectly sensible answer to a direct question,

even though it wasn't the answer I had expected.

Discuss things children are familiar with. You wouldn't talk baseball to a boy of four; you would to one of ten or eleven. You'd talk dolls to a girl of five, but not to one of twelve.

You'll always be on safe ground with children when you steer the conversation to familiar subjects—their brothers and sisters, their parents, their friends. Find out their interests and put them at ease by asking them questions on these interests.

Table manners is one of my favorite subjects when chatting with kids. They hear so much about the topic, you rarely find one who hasn't definite information and opinions. Recently, when I asked three youngsters for a definition of good table manners, I got the following:

"Don't pour cornflakes in your lap!"

"Don't throw your knife and fork around."

"Say thanks before you shove stuff in your mouth."

Use terms children understand. This should be so obvious as not to need repeating, yet one constantly hears grownups using long words to youngsters when short ones that have more meaning for them could easily be substituted.

"What do you want to be when you grow up?" is a simple question, infinitely better than, "What profession do you intend to take up after you've finished your education?" Incidentally, when I ask that question of children these days, nine out of ten boys will answer, "A natomic sinus."



Encourage children to use their imaginations. You will be amazed—I know I am every day—at the responses you will get when you ask questions calculated to make children think imaginatively, such as: Where did the ocean come from? If you had to be an animal, what animal would you like to be? Where do you suppose the wind comes from? What is the greatest invention of all time? Questions like these will bring the most unexpected answers.

One little girl was asked: "Where do clouds come from?"

"I don't know exactly," she answered, "but I think there's a great

big mother cloud up there that lays all the baby clouds in the sky."

Chatting with youngsters can be one of the most satisfying experiences there is. You'll be amused, startled and informed by what you hear. I know—I've raised five kids of my own.

How to Make Children Laugh

by PAUL TERRY, Creator of "Terrytoons" and producer of the CBS-TV show, "Barker Bill's Cartoons"

YEARS OF EXPERIENCE in the happy business of making children laugh has proven to me that all children *want* to laugh and will laugh—if you provide them with the proper tools and atmosphere.

Generally, I have found that children will laugh when the elements of the exaggerated and the ridiculous are present. But you must exercise good taste and common sense, so that you do not lose esteem in their eyes. Don't act "dopey."

Provide the proper atmosphere. Assuming there is a group of children involved, your job of making them laugh will be easier if you provide an atmosphere of gaiety . . . a party atmosphere with inexpensive paper hats, small baskets of candy, and other simple "props" to get them in the mood to have a good time. You will thus be tipping-off the fact that there is fun in store for them, and that you are encouraging their laughter. In fact, tell them, "This is a party."

You, yourself, can participate at their level by wearing a party hat or a false mustache. In this manner you appeal to the youngsters' sense of the ridiculous without losing your



own dignity or your standing with them, because they will know you are at play with them. Every child loves to have adults participate with him in fun at his own level.

How to provide the exaggerated and the ridiculous. Read a comic book or comic strip to a group of youngsters and they will not laugh—unless you indicate by exaggerations in your voice that what they are hearing is funny. If you read the same thing in a straightforward, cold manner, they probably won't get any laughs at all.

By the tone of your voice, by using suitable facial expressions,

and even by occasionally asking them point-blank, "Isn't this funny?" you can lead them to laughter.

Or you might organize among your children a game of charades. Be sure that you use subjects simple enough for them to understand and enact, such as "Simple Simon Met a Pie-man," "Jack and the Beanstalk," or "Little Red Riding Hood."

Children, you will find, will laugh at other children as much as they will at adults. Charades involve the two important elements which make a child laugh—the exaggerated and the ridiculous.

Action speaks louder than words. Children love action. Try organizing a potato race in which they push potatoes across the floor with their noses. Or a "dunking for apples" contest, or a "pin the tail on the donkey" game, a tried and true favorite.

Keep in mind that if you can combine action with the elements of exaggeration and the ridiculous, you will have a sure-fire formula for making children laugh.

Let children know you are their friend, let them know you want them to have a good time, that they are free to express themselves and explode with merriment.

Children's laughter is infectious. Make them laugh and you will, at the same time, make yourself laugh.

How to Tell Stories to Children

by FRANK LUTHER,
Well-known children's storyteller

I HAVE TOLD stories thousands of times to millions of children in theaters, schools, hospital wards

and homes, as well as on radio, television and some 950 recordings. Most of those children were new to me, and I to them. But I have two of my own, nine and seven, and I've been practicing on them and learning from them since they were babies. Here are some of the things I've learned:

Select your stories carefully. There are three kinds of stories I've concentrated on with my children.

First, I try telling stories about myself when I was their age. I make the stories as real as possible, and I don't hesitate to make myself the butt of the stories. That's natural and sometimes funny—and I think it makes me more real to the children to show them how much I was like they are now, and how similar my interests and problems were to theirs.

Then there's a series of stories about each of my children when they were younger, and when they were babies. These, of course, are quite factual (with a little judicious editing). Not only are the children fascinated by true stories about themselves; they also learn about themselves as seen from my viewpoint. These stories increase their understanding and knowledge of themselves and enrich that wonderful sense of mutual warmth and experience with their parents and with each other.

The third set of stories is about pets or animals, real or imagined. I listen to their talk to find out the characters they like best—then we make up stories about them as we go along. The children tell as much of the stories as I do. Sometimes we draw simple pencil-sketches of these imaginary animals, and that usual-

ly turns out to be wonderful fun.

Of course, you'll want to tell some of the standard stories to your children. You may tell them some of Grimms' grim fairy tales, only I hope you don't.

They were never intended for children. They're folk tales for adults who lived centuries ago. They're full of wrong concepts and principles our children are better off without.

Skip the Grimm Brothers—there are so many good ones, like A. A. Milne, who writes with such true insight and understanding.

"Tell it again." You and I may get pretty sick of telling the same story over and over—but if we are smart we'll tell the stories the children want to hear.

And here is an important point: *Don't change the story!* Even if you're terribly tired of it, remember that your child gets a great sense of satisfaction and security in knowing the exact words that come next.

Once you get a story set, tell it

every time just like the last time. It's now an old friend the child knows and likes just as it is—so let him have the pleasant feeling of *knowing* that he knows it. That's good for him.

Easy does it. Never rush a story—tell it easily and in leisurely fashion, without any impatience or resentment in your voice. Brush aside the nagging irritations and worries all of us have at times.

Keep your voice low-pitched, friendly, and as musical as you can. Use only words your children understand, and don't hesitate to check a good dictionary for proper pronunciation and usage.

Finally, make the stories brief; a child's attention span is short, so keep your stories short, too.

Think of storytelling time as fun time and enjoy the stories along with your children—they won't be little very long. Let everything else wait; whatever it is, it's not as important as your children—and not half as much fun.



"Remember Me?"



OF ALL THE conventional methods of greeting an important person, "Do you remember me?" is probably the most inconsiderate.

Charles U. Bay, the former Ambassador to Norway, answered the sometimes-impossible-to-answer question without giving offense, by replying: "Sure I remember you. Say, how'd you ever get out of that trouble you were in?"

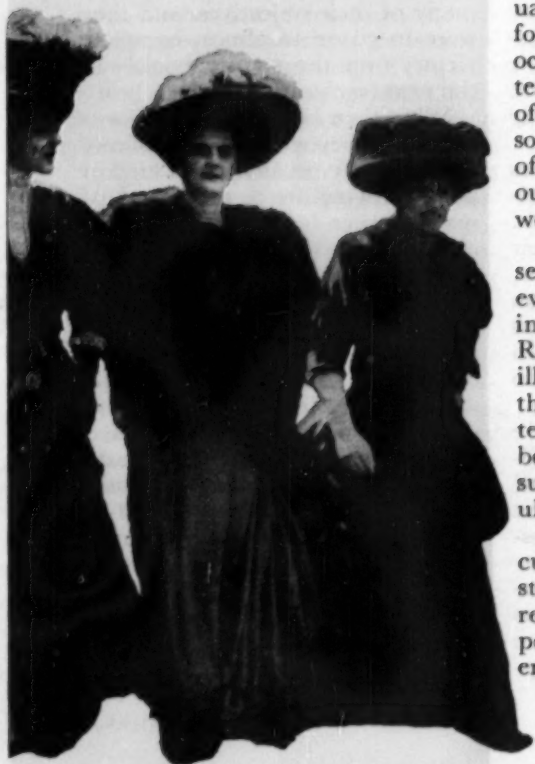
Charles Michelson, the late publicity director for the Democratic National Committee, had a reputation for never forgetting a name, though he once confessed he didn't deserve the reputation because he rarely mentioned names. Whenever a man asked, "Do you remember me?"—and he couldn't remember him—he said, "Yes—and it turned out you were right, didn't it?"

Winston Churchill has the perfect squelch for those indiscreet enough to ask, "Do you remember me?" Sir Winston replies, "Why should I?"

—LEONARD LYONS

OUR CHANGING SEXUAL CODE

by JOHN McPARTLAND



Startling facts reveal what is happening to our once-rigid morals

ONE OF THE CHIEF frustrations of our times is that while we have developed an easy humor toward sex, have colored and perfumed it with new elegances, have sterilized and packaged it, we seem to be lost in misunderstandings of the rules of the game.

Our moral code is issued in numerous versions, tailored for distinctions in class, tradition and custom, but most of these versions still describe a people who are sexually shy. This was fairly true of us not long ago, but today we are a sexually bold and sensuous people. Unfortunately, however, we are only occasionally honest about the matter: our laws and religions are those of a chaste, modest, monogamous society, our amusements are those of a gay and amoral culture, and our sexual habits have become a worldwide scandal.

We live in a pagan's paradise of sexual fetishes and sexual worship; even our children learn to judge us in terms of sexual attractiveness. Radio, motion pictures, television, illustrations in the magazines and the giant faces of billboards—all tell the same story of pleasures to be enjoyed, of triumphs over less successful people, and of sex as the ultimate pleasure of all.

We are the children of a village culture, and our ethical system is still based on the almost forgotten relationships of a small group of people struggling to live in a harsh environment. Ours was a monog-

From *Sex in Our Changing World*, by John McPartland. Copyright, 1947, by the author; published by Kinehart & Co., Inc.

amous family system: it was blessed by the church and became the foundation of our accepted sexual code today.

Almost 150 years ago this village culture was warped by the introduction of steam power. For the people of Western Europe and America, a new kind of culture became important. The role of women began to change and the concept of family was altered. To confuse things further, an important new class of women developed—the genteel middle-class ladies sewing in their parlors.

These were the women freed from being village mothers by the enrichment of their husbands through factories and shops. The good ladies set to work inventing a wholly artificial sexual code. They were the daughters of healthy peasants who had enjoyed sex, but they wanted no such wholesomeness: they became ashamed of their bodies and ashamed of sex.

The good ladies, their bodies shrouded in wrappings of cloth, advanced on the churches and schools. Enlisting these institutions in their campaign of secrecy and shame, they committed them to a program of unreality, and in the process marked the English and American middle classes as prim people who knew sex was nasty.

To be sure, people still made love, got married, produced children. But the taint of sin was hard to avoid if one admitted enjoyment in sex. Minor infractions meant ostracism, major violations were punished by permanent exile from decent society. Suspicion of sin was sufficient to damn a woman; the burden of avoiding even the ap-

pearance of evil was entirely on the woman. Divorce was an admission of sin by both parties concerned, since the wife was supposed to put up with the husband except in unusual circumstances.

Of course, even the nicest people broke these sexual taboos, but in secret. Abortion mills flourished under the gaslights. Marriage failed, even though the failure might not be dignified by divorce. Men seduced girls and girls seduced men, but damnation by society was always a possible punishment.

By 1910, large groups, including churchmen and educators, were calling for national prohibition of liquor, Sabbath blue laws, strict legal control of women's clothes and conduct. By 1915, they had won many of their objectives, and they were to go on to almost complete victory—on the statute books—in the next few years.

What then began to happen was something beyond the power of any reformer. We became a new kind of people, living in a new kind of world: never before had a people altered their whole framework of living as rapidly or as drastically. Thirty-odd years that spanned a war, a gaudy boom, a bleak depression and then a planetary war covered the change from an America of bustling little towns and awkward cities to a civilization devoted to the machine. Our marriage rate shrank and swelled, our birth rate slumped to an all-time low and then bounced up again, our divorce rate soared, pre-marital chastity declined.

Naturally, these changes in sexual attitude were determined by our women. Not that our women

became "bad"—the term is meaningless—but they reflected the changes while men tended to lag. Within these last few decades, women have ceased to regard marriage as the only security; the women of today can support themselves, and they want more from marriage than mere food and lodging. The span of a woman's life during which she is sexually attractive has been greatly lengthened.

There are, however, other important factors. An array of contraceptives and surgical techniques has given women an escape—if they wish it—from the biology of copulation. Sex, which was often only a pleasure for the man, can now be reduced to terms of pleasure-only for the woman as well.

Another factor has been the development of modern mass-entertainment. The movies, TV, radio and advertisements repeat the elaborately sexual themes of excitement ending in happiness. Never before have a people been exposed to as powerful a hypnosis—one combining color, music, beautiful women, handsome men, woven into a continuing folklore of a changeling people motivated by an ecstasy called love.

IT IS HARD to remember the America of some 40 years ago. Gaslights were still a part of the city back in 1915, farms were kerosene-lit lonelines beyond muddy roads. Parents were discouraged with their children's waywardness, even as their parents had been with them—but there was a difference: these children were not going to accept their parents' beliefs and manners, but were to grow up in a new and

drastically different kind of world.

The churches were still the centers of social life, for here young folks met future husbands and wives, and older folks helped determine community behavior. But even in churches, where social events surreptitiously included frolicking, the good ladies sat as judges over morals. Any funny business, and a girl's chastity was open to question. Cigarettes were considered the mark of the degenerate, nine o'clock was curfew.

Yet, these were the years when self-repression began to be examined critically. Fear had dominated sex: fear of neighbors' tongues, fear of disease, fear of babies, fear of the sword of the Lord. We probably overrate our knowledge of the sexual function today, but the ignorance of 40 years ago seems incredible.

In 1915, the dean of girls in a small Eastern college interviewed 34 girls. It was a daring experiment, because she asked questions about their sexual knowledge. Twenty of these girls—they were 16 to 19 years old—did not know the basis of sexual reproduction. Eight of them refused to talk at all. Six girls had a fair idea of what went on, and of these six, four admitted having sexual experience.

Those interviews are probably a fair



Sex became stylish.

sample of the state of sexual understanding in moderately prosperous American families 40 years ago. Thanks to the theory that sex was sinful, many mothers had a poor knowledge of the human body and were shy in telling daughters the little they did know. Physicians said the typical problem of marriage was frigidity in the wife, a frigidity comparable to the attitude of a person forced to drive a car without previous experience. The daughters took the mothers at their words, and accepted sex as ugly.

ABOUT THIS TIME, the new entertainment of motion pictures began to show, between pictures of slapstick comedy and galloping horses, interesting shots of ladies in underwear, bathing suits, or almost nothing at all; the proximity of man to woman was shown to be capable of producing great excitement and pleasure. The people began to swarm into the theaters.

Other things were changing, too. Cheap silk and improved machines began to make silk stockings more available and, as women discovered how well their legs looked in silk, skirts began to get shorter. Cosmetics were becoming common in the cities. Bathing-girl movies were making men and women aware of the female body.

And so the rigidity of the so-called Victorian code began to give. Nearly 900,000 cars were built in 1915, a new record. The great middle class were becoming style buyers, willing to discard the old for the exciting new. Smart advertising men were becoming aware that women wanted desperately to be beautiful, and would pay for just

being told they could be beautiful.

It was a long time ago, and far away, that America of 1915. Then, in 1917, we went to war. We sort of left home, and never came back.

The war didn't last long, but it had a more significant effect on our morals than the incomparably greater World War II. The first war brought women into factories and offices, and their real emancipation occurred with their near-equality to men in making money. Saturday night, they had money of their own. That made a difference in their attitudes toward men, a difference that was to alter our whole sex code.

For most of our 4,000,000 men in the services, the war represented their first chance to escape the routine of wives, fiancées, family, church and employer. They were concerned only with time, money and the military police.

When the 2,000,000 men returned from France, they never fully returned to the controls of 1915. Our ladies at home were impressed, and not altogether favorably, by their fine tales of adventure. Some of the sexual looseness which inundated our morals a few years later may have been a form of retaliation. At any rate, the stage was being set for the carnival of the '20s. We had broken through more than a century of moral restraints in less than two years.

Our sexual code had been built around an ideal situation: boy and girl grew up together in a quiet city neighborhood, in a small town, or on neighboring farms. They fell in love, married and produced children. They worked hard, the girl was a good mother, the children

The '20s stripped the female body of its Victorian wrappings—and proudly displayed it in the sunlight

grew up and married within their neighborhood. Love, not sex, was important.

Now, sexual ideas were changing. The boy and girl were restless, likely to break away from home in search of money and success. The boy wanted to be gay and experienced, the girl wanted to be beautiful and admired. Clothes, a city apartment, a car and smart gaiety were more important than children. Love was the sugar frosting on sex, and it was sex that was beginning to matter.

Before this change, a girl of 17 was too young for dates; she used a little powder sometimes, but believed that rouge and lipstick were unladylike; she might, in moments of excitement, say "darn," but would feel quite daring; she believed that kisses were reserved for engaged couples, and talked of sex only to girls her own age, with a background of misinformation and nervous giggles.

In the middle '20s, a girl of 17 was evaluated socially by her dates—how many, with what sheiks, how expensive, how exciting. She used paint on her face; she enjoyed saying "God damn it!" and "Hell!"; she talked about sex incessantly, preferably to boys a little older than herself; she wore high-heeled pumps, rolled silk stockings, her skirt reached just to her knees; she smoked, drank Prohibition gin from a flask, and prided herself on knowing every roadhouse for miles

around town. She thought her parents were very funny indeed.

Money became the answer to just about everything. Women found an expanding field of jobs, and began to plan on working a few years before marriage, or even after. The birth rate took the sharpest drop in history.

Our factories turned out perfumes, powders, rouges, lipsticks, eye-shadow—the tokens of sex; clothes, shoes, hats, girdles, ties, foundations—the stuff of youth. And something new had been invented—you didn't need money any more: you could buy youth, envy, love—all on the installment plan.

Sex made you feel popular, successful, envied. It was selfish sex, neither for physical pleasure nor for procreation—just sex for sin's sake. Parents were at a loss for controls—the important thing now was money. Without it your children didn't respect you, even your own wife didn't respect you.

A social typhoon like this has long-lasting effects. We are still muddling through the dislocations it caused. There were taboos that were pretty well smashed, of course—taboos about the body, for example. The '20s took the human body, especially the female body, out of musty wrappings and put it in the sun. And a lot of other prudishness disappeared. Divorces and birth control were removed from the sinful category, but mention of

venereal disease was still frowned upon.

Our people went into the Depression with poor preparation. We had been taught to value material things and to respect material success. Marriages weren't made in heaven, women weren't pure vessels, money would buy anything. When this whole structure fell apart, we were lost children and the effect of this collapse on our sexual manners was pretty much what might be expected.

Unemployment permitted a great deal more companionship between young men and women, which ordinarily would have led to marriage. The only thing lacking was money. The arrangement

called, simply, "living together" became common. Often the man or woman was married and couldn't get, couldn't afford, or didn't want a divorce.

These affairs started on a plane of sexual excitement, deteriorated to a state of being used to each other, continued on a level of financial interdependence, and usually broke up when one or both partners got sexually excited about someone else.

The '30s were also the years of the uncovering. Even the man got into the spirit of the thing, and the naked upper half of the male body, generally forbidden on beaches, became common. Women began to show their stomachs, first on the beaches and gradually on the streets and even at social occasions.

Our popular music and dancing, always an interesting index of sex attitudes, crystallized some new forms. Swing was the music, and a style called jitterbug was the dance. Jitterbugging was good fun, strenuous and exciting. It was as sexual as any fertility dance of a pagan people, but it was a funny, laughing kind of sex that got breathless from the dance rather than from emotion.

All of this was part of a readjustment of our sex manners. For a lot of boys and girls, sex itself became a form of physical sport, a game for two, exciting, with emotional fireworks—but still, mostly a sport.

At the beginning of World War II, our army was a mixture of callow boys and domesticated men. The older men were homesick for wives and children, the younger men felt themselves on the verge of an adventure they didn't quite un-



derstand. While most were unsure of themselves, their need for women was painfully apparent.

They didn't want women for physical satisfaction—though that is what they believed—but rather as a magic that would reassure each soldier that he was a person, a man, and that there was an escape for him from the ponderous pressure of the army, the camp and its overpowering maleness. And so most of these new soldiers went to the army towns, hungering for women.

There was a lot of companionship, and there was a lot of sex. For some men it was a simple bedding of as many girls as time, liquor, lies and money would afford. For others it was romance, with vows and heavy sentiment. Then there were those less bold who walked the streets alone or in groups, who dreamed of a hundred love affairs without ever speaking to a girl.

For the girls of the army towns, these were years to remember. Just being a girl was something newly wonderful. There were thousands of men eager and anxious; there were new types from faraway places like Chicago, New York and Los Angeles.

There were plenty of lonely wives, too, and it soon became evident that a fair share of them were committed to the belief that continence was bad for women. Every camp had its experts in seduction who hunted for lonely wives, literally moved into their houses and supplied a sort of proxy husband for a sort of proxy home.

The soldiers were worried and lonesome, they wanted to believe in their women, and they made obvious substitutions of girls for moth-



ers. Finally they left the army towns, the wives in furnished rooms, the girls at the USO dances, the aimless, lonely walking around the square, the one-night loves and one-day honeymoons, and off they went to the boats.

The shambling awkwardness with which they had walked the streets of Georgia or Texas disappeared in London or Naples. They had been callow youths and domesticated men, now they were soldiers, and most important—Americans. They were the most desirable men that foreign girls could hope to find, and they acted the part.

These foreign women must be forgiven their surrenders. Swaggering hundreds of thousands of men,

confident, well-fed, comparatively rich, and avid lovmakers swept through their towns. The Americans believed in direct, brutal sex, combined with the sort of romance invented by the movies; women respond to that kind of combination.

Back home, the faithless wife was becoming an issue. A large number of service wives had gone to work, including hundreds of thousands who had not worked before. They had money, they were in contact with men, and they felt the sexual excitement that wars induce. Good wives would indulge in a sort of sentimental hysteria over their far-away husbands, then go out to a bar for a pickup.

The war ended. Combat men began to go home, unaware of the deeper currents that lay beneath their dalliance in Europe. They returned to their one-week brides of training-camp marriages, their sweethearts, their wives and children. The most amazing thing is that they didn't seem much different; we had become a people so emotionally tough that nothing surprised us, and nothing seemed to affect us, except our own remarkable country.

OUR FUTURE SEX MANNERS are easy to predict: there are at least three probabilities, all of which can be demonstrated to be almost inevitable. The only difficulty is that the three are mutually contradictory. That is the way it always is with human affairs.

The first of the three trends is not very attractive. The natural desire for children has been over-balanced by artificially stimulated desires for material things, and by fears of in-

security. For our women this implies profound emotional changes.

Many will not bear children, and will therefore lose a part of the life for which women were intended. Another substantial portion will permit themselves one or two children. Unless intelligence and restraint are used, such families often become disbalanced.

Our existing emphasis on the individual adult as our social unit, rather than the family, will increase. The characteristic of the individual unit society is an almost pathological selfishness, with the obvious corollary of the importance of sensual pleasures.

The increasing divorce rate shows how thin our social bindings have become. Love, which in the American folkways of not long ago was believed to be a divinely inspired emotion, is now considered by a lot of people to be sort of a thrill. The pedestrian realities of marriage are disappointing to people who want their sexual relationships on a continued level of ecstasy. From this kind of thoughtlessness comes our new social invention—the "temporary" or "it's-all-in-fun" marriage.

Such attitudes toward marriage indicate the most startling item in our changing sexual code—the importance of selfishness, of gratification for ego alone.

Sex is advertised as the most delightful of all recreations in almost every medium we have. Chastity is the product of a different pattern of thinking than the one we have evolved in our materialistic society. If love is a thrill, like going downhill on a bobsled, it might as well be enjoyed early and often.

All of this points to an amoral culture within a few years. The word "morality" in its sexual sense is losing meaning. There are sexual ethics, but they are the kind of ethics found in a sporting contest. Being "a good person" implies a sort of good-natured sportsmanship in sexual matters, rather than a morality that is based on chastity, faithfulness, parent-hood and modesty.

The second probability is based on a very different approach. Our technological age has barely begun. Much of our confusion in sexual manners has been caused by drastic change in our environment. Our technical abilities have produced a kind of world to which we are not yet adjusted emotionally. We have had to endure environmental changes within 50 years that exceed the total of the last 2,000 years.

Technology will be concerned with our emotional factors. Within a score of years, a great body of exact knowledge has been built up on our behavior. The mysterious juices which give a strong maternal impulse to one woman and, by their paucity, deny it to another, are being synthesized. The hormones which give sexual drive to one man and, in disbalance confuse it in another, are being explored methodically. Charts predicting emotional constants are worked out to an error of plus or minus one half per cent.

It will not be long before, with the tools our technologists are now preparing, we will find it necessary to regulate emotional forces for the

improvement of society. This means that the studies now being made will serve as the basis for new laws—laws that will not be punitive or corrective but rather therapeutic.

Our great-grandparents probably would not like our world of today, but they helped in its building. We may shudder at a world in which the maternal instinct is

administered by hormone injection at the time of marriage; in which endocrine disbalance is regulated according to a civil code; in which sexual aberrations are treated upon discovery; in which our careless, exciting lives become a standard optimum.

But our children will probably like it, for it will be their world.

The third probability is one which we like to think will happen. To a great extent we are beginning to discern the taste of ashes in many of our enjoyments. The most noticeable urge of our people in the post-war world, especially younger people, has been towards a secure, warmly emotional family life—away from the cities. They want to find these things in a home built around a family. They want sentimental, romantic love, they want children, and they want to be left alone with their happiness.

We are raising a generation of intelligent children, and they have discovered many of our mistakes. They see the emptiness of divorce, the hollowness of marriage without children. Not all our children are this wise; but a good many of them do have these things—a freedom

RAFT OF DESPAIR

by *Ensis Tiira*

An incredible, yet true,
story of suspense
and courage—
of one man's battle
against the cruel sea.
Condensed from the
best seller.

In September Coronet.

from the ignorance and fears that muddled our understanding of sex; an appreciation of the body as a body rather than as a carnal vessel; a bawdy humor that is natural and healthy; a desire to have their lives mean something.

But there is another side of the coin. Some of the very factors that produced our type of culture are now operating to change it. The car, which destroyed the family by giving mobility to the individual, is now the implement for the new idea of home—the house in the suburbs. It has become a means of getting to the home, rather than away from it.

The urge for material possessions is being directed more strongly toward strengthening family unity. Pride is being concentrated in children rather than in conspicuous expenditure. Such a drive produces matching sexual manners. Taboos are not necessary when innate values of sexual experiences are understood.

Our people want this kind of life. Of the three sets of probabilities, this one has a powerful force in its favor—it is the kind of sexual manners our people want. Sex should have dignity coming naturally from its importance in our lives; freedom in sexual matters, when matched with intelligence and understanding, does not mean immorality.

No people can long devote the interest, ingenuity, imagination and native ability that we have to a situation without improving it immeasurably; we want to be handsome, virile youths or lovely, desired girls; we want to marry, live in a dream house by a lake, and have children of the gods.

What will happen in our quest for happiness is part of the future. This much, however, is true; we are watching a generation grow into maturity better prepared to handle their lives than we ever were.

They know our failures; they are far more honest with themselves than we ever dared to be. They want to be wonderful people, and they want to father these children of the gods in the house by the lake. If life can be fun for anyone, it will be fun for them, and sex will be a healthy part of that life. Morals will be on a level similar to rules of diet—if something is good for the health it can't be bad morally; if it is bad for the health, it cannot be good morally.

We have confused our lives for too many generations by misunderstanding our sexual moral code. Our children will profit by our careless freedom, use our new understandings of the working of body and mind, and achieve a sexual code that will be free without being careless.

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The 4-Hour Day for Retired Brains

by NORMAN BEASLEY

Forcing idleness on mature minds and muscles is menacing America's future

ONE OF THE BUSINESS superstitions of today is the belief that at the age of 65—or 60, or 55—men and women should be fired from their jobs because they are too old to work.

In other words, on one day a man is young enough for a particular job—and 24 hours later he is too old to handle it. This doesn't make sense.

Superstitions about Friday the 13th, walking under a ladder or spilling salt are silly enough. But this business of throwing people out of their jobs because on some specified birthday a set of statistics called "company policy," or "government policy" or "union policy" says they are too old to work, is costing this country perhaps a billion dollars each year.

Nor is money all the cost. There are the impossible-to-calculate losses in the areas of discrimination—in the right of people to work and to self-respect, in the right of people to maintain or improve their standard of living.

The argument which supports this epidemic of slavery to the superstition of age often goes like this: "With national strength depending upon production, oldsters aren't able to pull their weight, or adjust themselves fast enough in a fast-changing world."

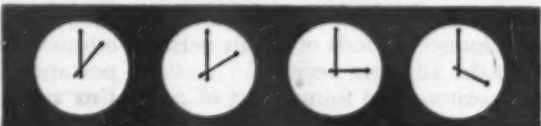
The argument holds water neither on the "think" side nor the "muscle" side of business. An executive in a large company was two months short of being 60 years old and facing compulsory retirement when a business acquaintance telephoned.

"I wonder if you know anyone with, let's say, 60 years of prudence who thinks he has a future in business?"

"You mean that you have a job for such a man?" the executive asked, surprised.

"Maybe."

That conversation took place



nearly three years ago. Today that man, hired at 60, is not only himself earning his own way in a new position but his ideas have created new jobs in the company for 50 other people.

That, of course, is a finding on the "think" side of business. On the "muscle" side is a study made by the National Social Welfare Assembly of New York City of a company employing 400 people in the manufacture of guns. Two findings typical of the study follow:

"Work efficiency, as measured by piecework standards on eight job classifications involving manual effort and skills, was investigated. The average override of piecework standards was: Over 50 years of age, 170.7 per cent; under 50 years of age, 167.8 per cent. (The minimum acceptable performance is 100 per cent. Work that is produced above this is considered to be override.)

"Occupational accidents for 1951 requiring the attention of a physician were as follows: The over-50 age group—30 per cent of the employees—had 11.5 per cent of the accidents; while the under-50 age group—70 per cent of the employees—had 88.5 per cent."

In other words, workers over the age of 50 had better production averages and fewer accidents than those under 50—a fact that will surprise many people.

Furthermore, a Chicago department store reports that during periods of long hours, such as at Christmas time, "the older person can take longer periods of strain better than the younger person."

Another store found that of approximately 5,000 employees—

about 30 per cent were beyond the age of 50—the younger person's absenteeism was approximately 35 per cent higher than the older person's, and that many employees hired at 50 had been promoted, a number to executive jobs.

SO LONG AS THESE brains and muscles are capable and ready to serve, we should find every means to keep our older and wiser workers on the job. With improved machines, work is becoming more and more a matter of know-how. With improved attitudes toward health, the average life expectancy has increased substantially in recent years and this all-important know-how thus comes increasingly into the hands of the older person.

To keep it from being lost, and to enable it to serve both the individual and the employer practically and satisfactorily, will become a more and more serious problem as time goes on.

The idea of retiring and letting his know-how go to waste is anathema to George T. Palmer, now almost 70, who has spent the greater part of his life in public-health service. Until recently, when his office was moved to Berkeley, California, where he lives, Mr. Palmer got up at 6:15 each weekday morning and traveled by bus and train to his office in San Francisco. There he spent a full day, returning home about 6 P.M.

"Somewhere around 65, though it may be earlier for some, one definitely gets tired more easily," he admits. "Sleep becomes more important. If I could sleep until eight I'm sure that I would be better able to concentrate my know-how."

Some form of four-hour day for "retired brains" might be the answer, he believes.

"In my job a full four-hour stretch in the afternoon would work better than from ten to three with time out for lunch," he says. "But in a factory or retail store it might be necessary for some to work in the morning, others in the afternoon.

"And if employers could find a way to give these older workers five-hours' pay for four-hours' work it would encourage them to accept the shorter working hours, permit them to retire gradually, keep them self-sustaining and open the way for younger employees to come in at full pay."

Whether or not this is the solution, something will have to be done, for statisticians tell us that by 1975 there may well be 21,000,000 people above the age of 65 in the U. S. In 1950 there were 12,000,000 so the figure of 21,000,000 represents an increase of 75 per cent in 25 years. If this rate of increase is maintained through the 25 years after 1975—and there is no reason why it should not continue, or expand—it means that the financing of social security benefits will eventually require a minimum 10 per cent of payrolls annually.

This will be a very, very heavy financial burden for the entire country. Nor is that all. Even now, because of the nature of many pension plans, men and women in the age groups of 40 to 45 years are finding it harder to get jobs. This means that the so-called "middle-

aged" and "old" groups are catching up, in numbers, with the young. It means, unless we do something about it, that by the year 1975—and surely by the year 2000—half of our adult population will be idle; and, in large measure, living on the other half.

Somewhere along the line, something has to be done to take people out of idleness, and get them back to work. Their skills are needed. Their experience is needed. They are needed.

Many men and women have contributed enormously to the betterment of all humanity because they did not believe the arithmetic of the years put any limit on the ability to serve, the capacity to learn, or the power to work. They did not accept the superstition that there is a time to stop and say, "Now there is nothing I can do." Nor would they have believed it, if it had been said to them.

One such was a vice-president in a large chain-store operation. In accordance with company policy, he was retired at 63. He soon lost interest in going to ball games, playing golf and fishing. Then he was asked to go to Washington and is now an assistant secretary in one of the agencies of government.

Another was a physicist in the research laboratory of a corporation. There were so many things he wanted to study on his own that he could scarcely wait to be retired. When the time came, he found it as satisfying as he had anticipated.

When he was 66, he had a visitor

MY FIVE GREATEST MYSTERIES

by Alfred Hitchcock

Hollywood's master mystery-maker describes the most baffling, real-life thrillers he knows—and tells why they can never be filmed. In September Coronet.

in the person of the president of a university in the Middle West. He is now helping to educate our youth and has been, for three years, on a basis of three hours a day.

Stories such as these should be common, and they would be if we would get over our habit of congratulating ourselves that, as a people, we live in a land of plenty. The fact is that even in the most prosperous of times there is not enough of almost anything that can be named to supply the American family in accordance with the American standard.

By comparison with many countries, yes—but what such comparisons really show is lack, not plenty. This will not be a land of plenty until our full capacity to produce equals our full capacity to consume.

It becomes evident—when we realize how much there is to be done that older people can do—that we are losing much by not utilizing the wisdom and the capacities of these people.

All work is important, and who can say there never will be a time when the work of the toolmaker, the farmer, the machinist, the clergyman, the healer, the scientist, the explorer, the teacher, the lawyer, the businessman, giving four hours a day of his retired brains or brawn, will not be of supreme importance in the life of a family, a neighborhood or a nation?

Supplying people with the things they need is one of our great problems, and the answer will never be found in forcing idleness on a large segment of our population.

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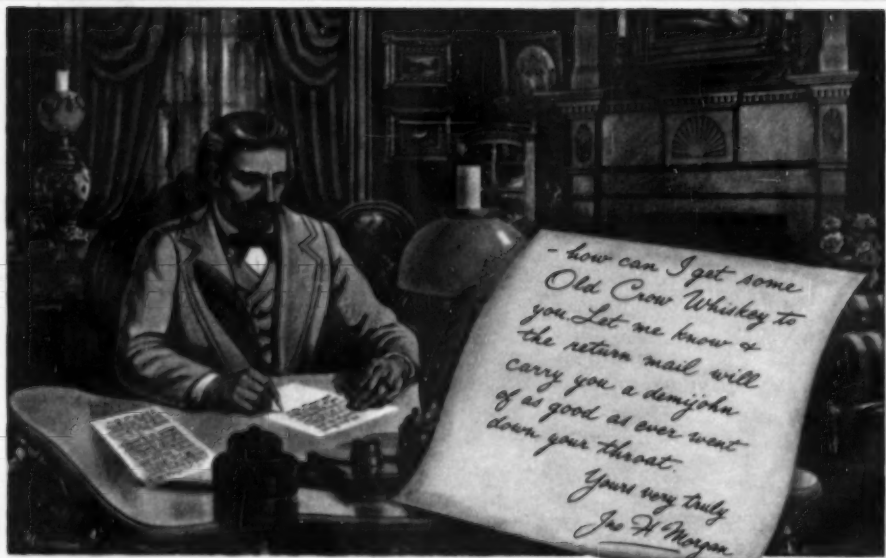
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